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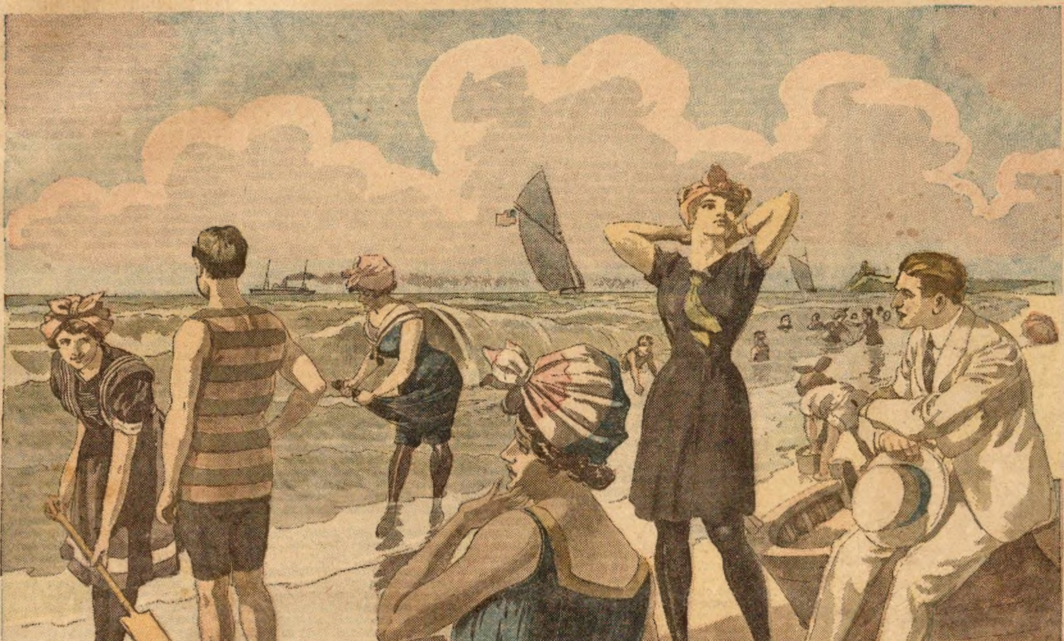
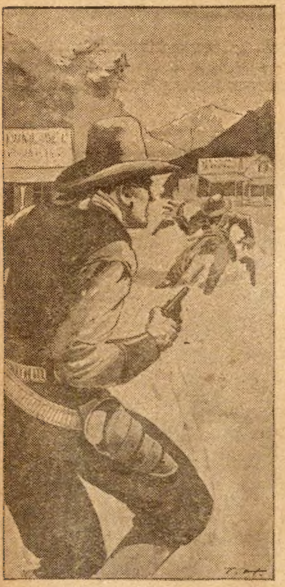


SOME DAMSELS JOURNEY TO THE SHORE,
SOME TO THE MOUNTAINS GO,
SOME HIKE A THOUSAND MILES OR MORE---
AND ALL TO CATCH A BEAU.

A BALANCED ACCOUNT

By Wilder Anthony



He pitched forward.

THE fallen man rolled over, came to his feet as lightly as a cat, and shook himself carefully. Satisfied that he was unhurt, he turned to his struggling horse. Then he swore softly, but fervently. One quick glance told him that the cow-pony's near foreleg was broken just above the fetlock. For an instant the man's slate-gray eyes filmed with a moisture which he did not try to hide—he had grown to know and love that horse as men do who spend sixteen hours out of each twenty-four in the saddle—then, as if half-ashamed of his weakness, he drew his revolver from its hip-holster and stepped forward.

"It's too bad, Jacky," he breathed, looking down at the now quiet animal, which seemed to sense what was coming and gazed up at him with large panic-stricken eyes. "God knows, I hate the job, but it's the only way, old son. All of us have got to hit the long trail some day, although it's a shame that a good little horse like you had to step into that blasted badger hole. Here's good luck and good-by, old pal!"

With the last words came a puff of smoke and a sharp crack. The pony, shot through the brain, kicked convulsively a few times, shuddered, and lay still, while the man turned aside and mechanically reloaded the empty chamber in his weapon.

"Now," he soliloquized, after the habit of one who lives much alone, "I wonder what I'm going to do? Near as I can figure I'm fully ten miles from Heney's, and night is coming along at a high lope. Walking is my only salvation, I guess, but"—he glanced ruefully at his high-heeled riding boots—"I sure hate to tackle it."

Nevertheless, it was the only thing to do, and with a grunt of resignation he stooped over the dead horse and began to uncinch his saddle. Next to horse and gun the saddle is a range man's most cherished possession, and Dave Morgan had no intention of leaving his as a prey for gophers and prairie weasels. Too well he knew that in a single night these little creatures would chew the leather beyond all possibility of repair. Heavy as the clumsy stock-saddle was, he swung it up on his powerful shoulders and started across the plain.

As he trudged along over the rough ground, bearing his cumbersome burden as though it weighed ten instead of nearly sixty pounds, the shifting shadows cast by the nearby mountain range lengthened perceptibly. Dusk was fast closing in, and Morgan muttered a low imprecation as he halted on top of a little knoll and let his eyes rove aimlessly over the surrounding country. Space vast and limitless overwhelmed everything. For miles and miles the burnt brown of the prairie was unrelieved by anything save the denuded tops of several scattered buttes and the rocky summits of the mountains, which encircled the valley like a great wall.

Having resigned himself to a long tramp and a possible night in the open, Morgan rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and was about to pick up his saddle and resume his march, when his tall figure straightened suddenly, and he looked keenly toward a huge butte some two miles to his right. His quick, practiced eye had noticed a cloud of dust a little to one side of it, and it was not long before he made out a mounted man driving a small bunch of horses in his direction. They approached steadily, moving at the swift, tireless lope of the rangeland, and soon the horseman came within hailing distance. With a mild feeling of joy at his good fortune, Morgan waved his arm and shouted.

Until then the other had not seen him, but at the hail he jerked his lathered horse onto its haunches and turned hurriedly. For an instant his hand hovered over the revolver at his hip, and something, which even at that distance sounded very much like an oath to Morgan's keen ears, burst from his lips. After a short survey of the man on the knoll, however, he turned his horse and rode slowly toward him.

"Hello!" he greeted, in an expressionless tone, when within easy speaking distance. "Looks like you're up against it, stranger."

"Yes," said Morgan, a little puzzled at a certain coolness in the other's manner, but resolved to be cordial in spite of it. "Badger hole," he went on, in brief explanation. "I had to shoot my horse and start in to hoof it."

"Oh!" The stranger's voice evinced neither surprise nor sympathy. "Goin' far?"

"I'm headed for Heney's ranch, if I ever get there," Morgan replied, inwardly nettled at the other's surly tone. On the cattle ranges, as a rule, men are prone to friendliness when they meet with a fellow human, especially if he needs help of any kind.

"I'm travelin' that way myself," the stranger observed, after a short pause and in a more congenial tone, "an' I'll rope something outa the bunch for you to sling that outfit onto. It'll be better'n walkin', but you may have to ride some. It's all range stuff an' only half broke at that. There ain't a cayuse in the bunch that's been rode since last fall."

"When a man's down he can't pick and choose, partner. I'll sure be glad of a lift, believe me! I ain't much of a bronco wrastler, but the horse that stacks me up tonight will have to go some."

The stranger chuckled dryly—wholly without mirth, it seemed to Morgan.

"All right," he said, "I'll get you something in a hurry."

Ten minutes later, after some skillful maneuvering, Morgan saddled and bridled the little roan mare which the fellow had managed to rope for him, and swung deftly onto her back, to learn instantly that if he intended to stay there he would have his hands full. It was not until after three miles of very strenuous riding that he was able to pull his mount's head up from between her knees and settle himself comfortably in the saddle.

"She sure can pitch some!" he panted, drawing up beside the stranger, who rode close at the heels of his little herd.

"Yes," the other grinned, "she sure can. She's got a reputation, that little mare has. I mighta roped you a gentler one, but she was the first I hooked, an' I figured you could top her. Workin' for Jim Heney, are you?"

"Nope. Just stopping on my way through from Greylodge." Morgan did not add that he was a deputy sheriff at that moment returning from a trip to the county seat where he had turned a prisoner over to the jail authorities. Somehow, although he felt grateful for the other's assistance, he could not find it in him to like the man, and anyway, it was not his habit to volunteer needless information.

"We'll pass right close to Heney's," remarked the stranger, "an' I'll set you on the trail. I'm a neighbor o' Jim's—live down the crick a ways, an' you can return the mare in the mornin'. She won't give you any more trouble now you got her broke in."

"All right. Much obliged," answered the deputy, and lapsed into silence, which was broken by neither man for a space of many miles.

As they rode along, before it became too dark to do so, Dave Morgan studied the stranger covertly. He was a man of average height, with a pair of extremely broad shoulders and long arms. His face was smooth-shaven and tanned to a rich coffee color, and his hair was the yellow of ripe wheat. His eyes were the most unusual feature. They were blue eyes—the expressionless blue of painted china, and they had a trick of never looking one squarely in the face. Taken all in all, the fellow's appearance was not prepossessing, and Morgan didn't like him, but he had no intention of publishing the fact. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, he told himself, and furthermore, in spite of his surly manner, the man had befriended him.

Near a clump of cottonwoods, not far from the edge of the creek, the stranger pulled in his horse and half turned in his saddle.

"Heney's is over that-a-way," he said, pointing to the east. "This is where we split blankets."

Morgan swung around and faced the speaker. They were about a dozen feet apart and plainly visible to each other, although by this time the summer night had fallen.

"Thanks," he said. "I'll return your mare first thing in the morning, and I'm much obliged for the use of her. What name do you travel under, partner? I want to——"

Morgan stopped short, ducked his head, and his hand streaked toward his gun; but taken wholly unaware, he was just a bit too late to forestall the other's treachery. There was a flash and a roar at the stranger's hip, something seemed to sear the deputy's brain, he swayed in his saddle, and then, as the mare beneath him, frightened at the report, sprang forward, he toppled sidewise to the ground.

For an instant the stranger peered through the smoke and gloom at the huddled figure, and slid his revolver back into its holster.

"There's another one o' you d—d sheriffs gone to seed," he growled. "The only way Dutch Davis can get along these days is by not takin' chances, an' he knew you, Dave Morgan, if you didn't know him. Soon's ever you seen Heney you'd 'a' been on my trail, an' I'm too busy to monkey with you."

Chuckling nastily, he sunk his spurs into his horse's flanks, and galloped away in the wake of the vanished herd. "The moon'll be up in an hour," he muttered, "an' by mornin' I'll be plumb outa trouble."

Some two hours later, Dave Morgan stirred slightly and opened his eyes. For several minutes he stared up at the star-dusted sky uncomprehendingly; then, as a full realization of his position came to him, he sat up with a jerk. With a groan at the pain the movement cost him, he caught his aching head in both hands.

"Great Jemima!" he exclaimed, "I'm as weak as a winter lamb. That —— —— mighty near got me that trip."

Spurred by a gust of terrible anger, as he suddenly remembered the coward who had so nearly murdered him, the deputy staggered to his feet and looked around. The moon was high overhead, and, glancing at his watch, he found that it was almost ten o'clock.

"Humph!" he muttered. "High time I was moving if I aim to get anywhere tonight. Heney's ain't far off, and I can get shelter and grub there, at any rate. I wonder who that yellow-haired pirate took me for, anyhow? I didn't have any grudge against him that I know of, but he sure tried to cinch me. The cowardly skunk!" He gritted his teeth in another burst of rage. "But I got him branded," he went on, "and if I ever meet up with him again, I won't get caught quite so easy. This is sure my lucky day. Set afoot twice, shot up once, and nothing to eat since last night. That's going some."

Walking over to the creek, he knelt down and bathed his head and face in its cold waters. Then, feeling wonderfully refreshed, he set out across the moonlit plain for Jim Heney's. His wound, he was glad to discover, was very slight. The heavy bullet had plowed a deep furrow along his scalp; a bloody, painful hurt, but not at all serious.

Big, good-natured Jim Heney was nodding over his pipe and beginning to think of bed, when he was aroused by the loud, continued barking of his dogs and the crunch of footfalls in the yard. It was rather late for visitors in that lonely locality, but without stopping to consider that, Heney threw the door wide open and peered out into the night.

"Hello!" he bawled, in hearty welcome —a roar that almost shook the little ranch house. "Put your hoss in the corral and come in and set, stranger!"

"I'll do that last, Jim," responded a tall figure near the gate, "but my horse won't eat any of your fodder. I'm traveling on Shank's mare tonight."

At sound of the voice, Heney sprang down the steps with a whoop of joy.

"If it ain't Dave Morgan!" he bellowed. "Come in, Dave, come in!"—seizing his visitor by the hand and fairly dragging him indoors—"I ain't seen you in a ground-hog's holiday, son. Where you been? What—Good God Almighty!" This last as the lamplight streamed across Morgan's bloody face.

"It's nothing much, Jim—just a scratch," said the deputy, in answer to his friend's look of wondering solicitude. "Some son of a skunk tried to bushwhack me a while ago. Got anything to eat handy? I'm as hungry as a she-wolf in springtime."

Almost lifting his guest in his brawny arms, despite his protests, Heney sat him down in the largest chair he owned, and shouted in stentorian tones for his Chinese cook. When that worthy appeared and departed in quest of food, the ranchman opened a cupboard and took therefrom a tall black bottle and a thick glass.

"Take a little shot o' this here, Dave," he urged, thrusting half a tumblerful of the raw spirit into the other's hand. "It'll brace you up. Afterwards I'll take a squint at that skypiece o' yours."

With a sigh of relief, Morgan stretched himself out in the armchair and did as he was told. Heney's bluff hospitality acted like a powerful sedative on his jaded body, and he had hard work to keep awake while his host washed the cut in his scalp and brought its edges together with a strip of plaster.

"There," said the latter, at length, "that ain't as good as the doctor could do, mebbe, but it'll pass. You'll be O. K. after a night's sleep, Dave. But who in Hades done this? You look like you'd been in a mixup."

"I was," answered Morgan, between huge mouthfuls of the cold beef and bread and butter which had been placed before him by the little Chinaman, "but not the kind you think, Jim. Met up with a stranger about ten miles from here and he took a snapshot at me just for luck. He sure is a nice, sweet-scented party, that jasper." And he went on and told Heney of the day's occurrences.

The big cattleman listened in silence until the end. Then he looked up quickly.

"You say this feller was tow-headed?" he queried. "Was he thickset, fishy-eyed, with a voice like a file an' a nasty habit of watchin' you outa the corners of his eyes?"

"That's him." Morgan nodded briefly. "Don't know him, do you? If you do, I'd like his permanent address, pronto."

"Great snakes!" Heney stared at his friend in surprise. "I thought everybody knew that feller, Dave. It was Dutch Davis, sure as shootin'."

"What!" Morgan, forgetting his appetite and the remainder of his meal, sprang to his feet and glared at Heney. "Dutch Davis? You're not kiddin', Jim?"

"Wisht I was. I know the skunk too darn well to be mistaken, Dave. He's got away with forty head o' full-blooded colts belonging to me in the past year. That was before he wiped out Murphy."

"Well, I'll be d——d!" Morgan sat down again and regarded his friend gloomily. "To think of me letting that ornery horsethief and murderer—a man with a thousand bucks reward offered for him dead or alive—pull wool over my eyes like I was a kid tenderfoot. It's on me, Jim. I give him credit for it. The skunk even made me help wrangle a bunch of horses that ten to one he'd rustled somewhere. It's too bad, believe me, that he didn't shoot a little bit straighter."

Heney chuckled softly.

"Don't take on that-a-way, Dave," he good-naturedly advised. "You ain't the first man that Dutch Davis has fooled complete. He's a slick article, that jasper, and he's pulled wool over more'n one good man's eyes. As a matter of fact, you're plumb lucky. It's a wonder he didn't kill you dead, under the circumstances. I've seen him shoot, and, believe me, he's one hellion with a six-gun. Quick as greased lightnin' and plumb center nine shots outa ten. Barrin' yourself, I don't know any man in these parts that can equal him on the draw."

Morgan made no reply. In fact, it is doubtful if he even heard. He was staring straight in front of him unseeingly, like a sleepwalker. Presently he began to talk, more to himself, apparently, than to Heney.

"Dutch Davis, eh?" he mused. "Dutch Davis, rustler, bad man, and murderer. Meetin' up with me face to face and fooling me—an officer of the law—until I helped him drive off a bunch of some other man's horses. Then when he's through with me he shoots me like a crippled dog and leaves me for coyote bait. What am I, anyhow, a man and an officer or a d——d tenderfoot?"

The last words, directed at nobody in particular, came from him as though shot out of a gun. But before Heney could reply to the question, had he, indeed, been so minded, Morgan resumed:

"He shot me and left me for dead, but I'm not dead. He don't know it, however, and he'll travel easy. He was headed west when he left me. That means he'll strike into Montana, probably, by way of Piute Gap and the Seven Angels. Sandstone is the nearest town—it's out of the way, too, and there's no police there. He can sell his stock there and go where he likes. That is, he can if I let him. It seems to me, Dutch Davis, that you'd have been wiser if you made sure I was dead back there where you had a chance. It don't do for a man to be too sure of his gunplay. Sometimes he gets fooled—a heap."

Morgan swung suddenly around to Heney.

"Jim," he snapped, "I want a good horse and a saddle. Get 'em for me as quick as the Lord will let you, and don't ask questions. Davis has five

(Continued on page fifteen.)

How One Man Loved

Or, Lupton's RemarKable Case

By Emma Howard Wight

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CHAPTER V.

BEFORE Lupton had time to make any reply to his young wife, Dorothy came into the room. She was followed by Kathleen's maid carrying over her arm a beautiful wrap of white brocade trimmed with costly black fur. While the maid was helping Kathleen with her wrap, Dorothy went up to her brother and kissed him.

"Good night, dear," she said, looking at him wistfully. There was something in his worn face that troubled her. "Go to bed early and get a good night's rest."

He nodded with a half-smile, resting his hand for a moment upon her dimpled shoulder. She had been the dearest thing in all the world to him until that day when Kathleen Marr's lovely face had flashed upon him from the shadowy portico of the old Irish castle, and life was never the same again.

"Frederick hasn't seemed like himself of late," Dorothy remarked, when she and Kathleen were seated in the limousine. "Haven't you observed it, Kathleen?"

"No, I haven't noticed any change," Kathleen replied, rather abstractedly. "He seems very tired at times, but I suppose that is to be expected of a business man."

Her seeming indifference aroused Dorothy's indignation.

"If you cared for Frederick as I do, you would see that there was something wrong with him," she exclaimed resentfully.

Kathleen started with a quick intake of her breath.

"Dorothy!" she cried, in a pained voice.

"Forgive me, Kathleen. I do not mean to hurt you," said Dorothy, contritely. "She hestitated a moment. "But, oh, I do want you to love Frederick! He is so good."

A sigh quivered across Kathleen's lips.

"I know that he is good," she said. "No one knows that better than I."

She spoke very sadly. Dorothy said no more, and there was silence that remained unbroken until the limousine stopped in front of the brilliantly lighted theater.

After the departure of his wife and sister, Lupton went upstairs to his dressingroom, where he found that his valet had laid out his evening clothes and was waiting to dress him.

"I am not going out this evening, Lormon," he said to the man.

The valet bowed.

"Very good, sir." Lupton had crossed the room and dropped down upon a couch. Lormon's eyes followed him solicitously. "You ain't looking well, Mr. Frederick," he declared. He was a tall, strong-looking man about fifty years of age, with a florid skin and resolute mouth. He had been in the service of Frederick Lupton for a number of years, and was devotedly attached to him.

"I am not feeling very fit, Lormon," Lupton admitted, resting his head wearily on his hand. "I am worried over business matters. Things have not been going right with me of late. Certain speculations which I had been counting upon have turned out badly."

"I am indeed sorry to hear it, Mr. Frederick," declared Lormon, concernedly. "But cheer up, sir. Things will soon be taking a turn for the better."

He turned and went about putting away the evening clothes laid so carefully across a chair. Lupton watched him for some little time in silence."

"Lormon, do you remember that old fortune teller or soothsayer we ran across while we were in India?" he asked suddenly.

Lormon paused in the act of opening one of the drawers in the dresser, and looked at his master.

"Yes, sir, I remember him very well indeed," he replied, a look of awe stealing over his face.

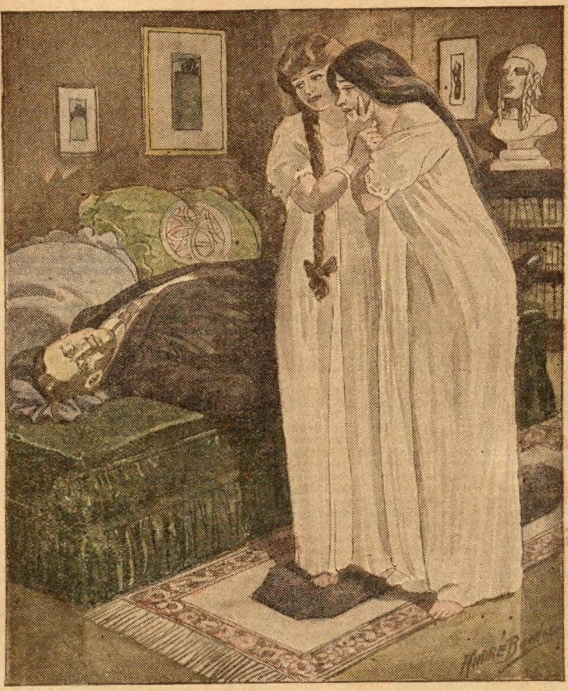
He claimed to be able to do marvelous things," declared Lupton, thoughtfully.

"Yes, indeed, sir," exclaimed Lormon. "Why, 'twas said he could raise the dead to life."

"So I heard, but of course that could not be true," said Lupton.

"One of the Hindu servants at the hotel told me that the grandson of the old man had been brought to life after he had been dead three days," declared Lormon. "But of course that couldn't be true," and he looked toward Lupton expecting him to ridicule the very idea.

But Lupton did nothing of the sort.



"No, no!" she whispered, "I cannot!"

There was a very grave and thoughtful look upon his face.

"Tell me all that the Hindu servant told you, Lormon," he said.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO months later, Godfrey Livingstone stood in his studio before the nearly completed portrait of Kathleen Lupton. His eyes lighted passionately and his breath quickened as he gazed upon it. Her dusky head, her white bare shoulders and arms, the long, lovely lines of her figure, which were brought out prominently by a sheathlike gown of vivid rose pink were effectively outlined against a background of gold-and-black draperies. The dark blue, black-lashed eyes were dreamy to sensuousness, the suggestion of a passionately tender smile touched the bloom of the vivid lips.

"It is the best thing I have ever done," murmured Livingstone. He drew a deep breath. "God! How lovely she is!"

He turned from the portrait as the studio door opened. Kathleen came in. She wore a long fur coat and motor hood of violet silk, which was ravishingly becoming. Livingstone went forward to meet her, the passionate glow deepening in his eyes.

"Dorothy dropped me at the studio building," Kathleen explained, as Livingstone assisted her to remove her wrap, revealing her in the rose-colored gown of the picture. "She will return for me in about half an hour. You said you would only need me about half an hour longer to finish the picture."

Livingstone smiled softly.

"Need you for only half an hour?" he said, and there was that in his voice which caused her to look up at him with a quick-drawn breath. "Kathleen, there will never come a time in all my life when I shall not need—you."

She started, flushed, and a scared look flashed into her eyes. "I love you! Do you not know that I love you?"

He took a step toward her, clasped her in his arms, and eagerly, hungrily sought her lips. For the moment she yielded to his embrace, he felt the wild beating of her heart, and her lips gave back his kisses. Then a shudder ran through her limbs, she stiffened and struggled to free herself. Reluctantly he let her go.

"Kathleen, you do love me?" he cried. "Tell me that you love me."

She looked at him with a great pathos in her eyes. She was very pale.

"Yes, I love you," she said. He uttered a passionate exclamation and made an eager movement toward her, but she stopped him with a gesture. "No, do not touch me," she said.

"Not touch you?" He laughed softly. "Not touch you when you tell me that you love me?"

"Yes, I love you." She looked at him very steadily. "It seems I could not help loving you. But I am not a wicked woman."

He studied her for a moment in silence. He had known women to talk like that before, but in the end they yielded. Livingstone was a man who never spared a woman who caught his fancy and aroused his passion. Kathleen had appealed to him strongly from the first moment he saw her, and he had become more and more infatuated with her. He had always found it easy to make women care for him, and Kathleen had not proved an exception. But she had not knowingly and deliberately yielded to the attraction Livingstone had for her; she had grown to love him almost unconsciously, and hardly knew that she did love him until his avowal showed her her own heart. After that first wild rapture when she lay in his arms and felt his kisses on her lips, she was appalled, conscience-stricken, remorseful. And she was afraid. She had not known herself, until that moment of surrender to Livingstone's arms, her capacity for loving, the passionate depths of her nature. She realized something of the battle she must fight, and it frightened her.

Livingstone, with his consummate knowledge of women, easily read her thoughts and arrived at a correct estimate of the phases of emotion through which she was passing. Kathleen was ardent, impassioned, and she loved him, but Livingstone realized that she would not be easily won. And he wanted her as he had never wanted any woman before. A hot wave of rebellion against the attitude she had taken surged over him. She was so beautiful, so beautiful! He had to fight against the wild longing to crush her in his arms and between frenzied kisses whisper that he would not let her go until she gave him the promise he craved. But with an effort he controlled himself.

"Do you mean, Kathleen, that you and I, loving each other, must always be as we are—now?" he queried gently. "Never anything dearer, tenderer to each other? Is that what you mean?"

She mutely inclined her head.

"Do you know what it means to deny —love?" he continued. "Kathleen, we love, we cannot live without each other."

She paled, but again she looked at him steadily, as she spoke.

"We must; there is nothing else for us to do. Oh, Godfrey, do not make it harder for me! Help me to be strong."

For the moment his better nature responded to her appeal, and he wavered. But when a man has led a life of self-indulgence, it does not come easy for him to deny himself that which he craves with his entire being.

"Kathleen, if you were not so beautiful I might be able to give you up," he said passionately. "But you are asking of me more than I have the strength to do. Kathleen," he took an eager step toward her, "come to me, my beloved."

She recoiled from him.

"No!" she cried. "No!"

He stood gazing at her with a mingling of gloom and reproach in his handsome gray eyes. He had not believed her capable of such resistance. For the first time it occurred to him that it might fail to win her after all. The thought was so intolerable that he put it aside.

"I am glad this is the last sitting," she said, after a moment, sighing. "I could not come here any more after—today."

"And you are—glad?" he queried softly.

It was a moment or so before she spoke.

"No, I am not glad," she said, at length, plaintively. "But I know it is for the best."

Livingstone turned away, took up his brushes, and commenced to paint on the portrait. There was a silence which neither of them seemed inclined to break. Kathleen was conscious of a sense of fatigue. The emotions through which she had passed had wearied her. After a time Livingstone tossed aside his brushes and turned to her.

"It is finished!" he said.

Kathleen went and stood before the portrait, looking at it gravely.

"My husband will be pleased," she said listlessly.

Frederick Lupton had never seen the portrait; he preferred to wait until it was completed.

The studio door opened to admit Dorothy.

"I wish he would marry Dorothy," Kathleen said to herself, as she watched the change the presence of Godfrey Livingstone brought into the girl's face. "She loves him."

She looked at Dorothy and Livingstone as they stood before the portrait, and a pang of compunction stabbed her heart. She was incapable of understanding a man like Livingstone, and she fancied that he might have learned to love Dorothy if she had not come into his life.

Dorothy stood gazing silently at the portrait for so long that Livingstone at length asked her if she liked it.

"Yes," she said slowly, "it is wonderful. I do not think you have ever done anything so well. But there is something in the face that is to me unfamiliar, strange. I have never seen Kathleen look as you have painted her."

There was a moment's silence. Then Livingstone laughed carelessly.

"A painter's privilege to idealize," he declared, not very convincingly.

Dorothy gazed thoughtfully at the portrait. "I would hardly call it that," she said, after a moment.

"Come, Dorothy, let us go," exclaimed Kathleen.

Livingstone turned and assisted Kathleen with her wrap. She did not lift her eyes, but there was a look on her face that caused his heart to beat exultantly. A pale, plaintive look that contradicted her declaration that she was glad the sittings were over.

It was the old story, a woman struggling to be true to her marriage vows, to her conscience, in the face of the force of a guilty love. Upon Kathleen Lupton's beautiful face was already written the throes of that struggle.

When he was alone, Livingstone went and stood before the portrait with the touch of a whimsical smile about his lips. The look he had unconsciously given to the painted face was one that he alone had seen upon the living face. Later he had been conscious of what he had done, but he had hoped that the story he had written upon the face was too subtle for others to discern. He had been somewhat startled to find it otherwise.

A little later Frederick Lupton came into the studio.

"Kathleen tells me the portrait is finished, Mr. Livingstone," he said.

Livingstone bowed and led the way to the portrait. Lupton stood before it in silence for some time. At length, he turned to Livingstone and said:

"The portrait is all that I expected it to be. It is all that I was sure your skill would make it."

Livingstone bowed. "I am glad you are pleased with it," he replied.

Lupton took from his pocket a wallet, opened it, took out a check for $3,000, which he handed to Livingstone, the price agreed upon for the portrait.

"Thank you," murmured Livingstone,

laying the check aside. "I'll have the portrait boxed and sent to you tomorrow."

He would have liked to refuse the check. It was repellent to him to receive pay for painting the portrait of the woman with whom he was in love. It was commercializing something, fine, delicate, subtle, delightful, imparting to it a sordidness which jarred upon Livingstone's fastidiousness. But to refuse to receive the check was, of course, out of the question.

Lupton remained for a time looking at the pictures in the studio. Livingstone observed that he was not looking well. He had grown much thinner, and his face had a haggard look. Livingstone studied him curiously, trying to fathom whether the change upon Lupton was due to some physical ailment or mental disturbance. Was he ill? Livingstone's heart beat quicker at the thought. He had no leaning toward matrimony, but he was so madly infatuated with Kathleen that he would have married her had she been free.

Lupton stood for some little time before the painting "Death."

"I have heard that this painting is taken from life," he said, looking around at Livingstone. "Is that correct?"

"Yes," Livingstone replied. His brows contracted slightly. He felt a reluctance to telling Lupton the story of the picture. He hesitated a moment, then as Lupton continued to regard him expectantly, he told the story briefly.

Lupton made no comment for a moment or so after he had finished.

"'The wages of sin is death,'" he said, at length.

Livingstone glanced at him curiously.

"Do you believe that the Count Malatesta was justified in poisoning his wife?" he questioned.

"Justified? No," replied Lupton. "He was only justified in killing the man who had dishonored him."

"That is, of course, the recognized code under such conditions," remarked Livingstone. "Men depart from it sometimes, however."

"There is no telling what a man may be prompted to do under such conditions," observed Lupton, thoughtfully. "I doubt if any man knows himself until he is put to the test, if he realizes of what he is capable. There are many men, no doubt, like this Count Malatesta, who would rather see the woman they love dead than know that she belongs to another."

Livingstone regarded contemplatively through narrowed lids the man whose wife he coveted. He was conjecturing what course Lupton would pursue if he ever came to the knowledge of his wife's unfaithfulness, for that she would succumb to her love for himself, sooner or later, Livingstone never questioned. Lupton's remarks gave him no clew. He knew how devotedly attached Lupton was to his beautiful young wife, and pitied him in a way, but it never occurred to him to spare Lupton—his selfishness was too colossal, self-denial a virtue unknown to him.

"At least I did not steal his wife's love from him," Livingstone was thinking. "She never cared for him."

Livingstone accompanied Lupton to the elevator, and they shook hands as they parted. If men could read one another's hearts, how little clasping of hands there would be in this world of hypocrisy, insincerity, and treachery. Godfrey Livingstone clasped in good fellowship, if not in actual friendship, the hand of the man against whom he was contemplating the deadliest wrong one man can do another—the stealing of his wife, his honor.

He went back to the studio growing dusky with twilight shadows. In the uncertain light the figure of Kathleen Lupton seemed to stand forth from the canvas as though imbued with life, the eyes tender, the lips amorous. Livingstone stretched out longing arms toward the picture.

"My darling! my beloved!" he cried passionately. "If I only possessed Pygmalion's power to endow with life the work of my hands. You are so beautiful, my beloved!"

The eyes seemed to grow more tender, the lips more amorous, the white bosom seemed stirred under the delicate laces which half concealed it. Livingstone made a step toward the painting with a smothered exclamation, stopped abruptly with a short laugh.

"I must be going mad," he murmured, and turning, he switched on the electric lights.

CHAPTER VII.

ON AN evening in March, a month later, Frederick Lupton sat at his desk in the library, writing. The light from the electric bulb above the desk fell upon his face, showing it pallid and haggard and the thick sprinkling of gray in his hair. The clock on the mantel struck twelve. Lupton looked up, pushed aside the half-written sheet, and arose. He crossed the room and pressed the electric button in the wall.

At that moment the door opened and Kathleen came into the room. She stopped abruptly at the sight of her husband. He turned, started, and stood gazing at her silently. She wore a dainty negligee of white silk, delicate lace, and pale blue ribbons. Her hair hung in two heavy braids almost to her knees. She was pale, but wonderfully lovely. She moved toward him slowly.

"I—I could not sleep and came for a book," she explained, somewhat falteringly.

Lupton had been standing motionless against the wall, but, as she spoke, he moved away.

"I am sorry you cannot sleep," he spoke rather mechanically. He was looking at her with a yearning look in which there was a world of pain. As she met his eyes, she looked at him startled, questioning.

"What—what is it?" she exclaimed.

He pulled himself together and smiled forcedly.

"I am not feeling exactly well," he explained, not very convincingly, for she still looked at him, her brows contracted slightly, troubled by the strangeness of the look she had seen in his eyes.

Before she had time to speak a servant came into the room.

"You rang, sir?" he said, addressing Lupton.

"Yes, Dorson," Lupton replied. "Bring me a glass of wine, please."

The man bowed and withdrew. Kathleen had moved to one of the massive bookcases and stood with her back to Lupton. He went to the desk, sat down, and drew the sheet on which he was engaged toward him, but after a glance at it, he shook his head, pushed it aside, and sat staring straight before him, the hand resting on the desk was clinched, there were drops of sweat on his brow.

Dorson entered carrying a silver salver on which was a glass of wine. Lupton looked up, took his handkerchief from his pocket, and passed it across his brow. The man placed the salver on the desk beside him.

"Is there anything else, sir?" he asked.

Kathleen had turned and was looking toward them as though waiting for Dorson to leave the room.

"That is all, Dorson," replied Lupton. "You can go to bed."

The man bowed and moved toward the door. Kathleen went toward the desk. Dorson opened the door and went out.

About half an hour later, the door opened and Kathleen came out. She was pale and her eyes had an odd, strained look. Just outside the door, she stopped, leaning weakly against the wall. A long sigh quivered across her lips. She moved along the hall and slowly ascended the stairs, a ghostlike figure, her heavy dusky hair dead black against her white, filmy draperies. She pushed open the door of her exquisitely furnished bedroom and entered. A waft of perfume met her from a great bowl of violets on a stand near the mantel. She put out her hands as though the sweet breath of the violets were some tangible thing that she feared. Then she crept up to the stand, fell upon her knees, and dropped her face upon the flowers.

"Oh, God!" she moaned. "What have I done?"

The next moment she looked up, startled, with the instinctive feeling that she was not alone. In the door communicating with the dressingroom stood a slim, dark young woman wearing the dress of a maid. Kathleen arose slowly to her feet, a clutch at her heart sending the hot blood to her face, then she paled. If the maid had overheard the words Kathleen had uttered, she was too perfectly trained to give any sign.

"I beg your pardon, madame," she said, speaking with a strong French accent and with demurely lowered eyes. "I came to see if you were ready to retire."

"I shall not need you," murmured Kathleen. The maid looked up at the sound of her voice. It had a strange sound, strained and unnatural. "You can go to bed, Celeste."

"Very good, madame," and the maid withdrew.

She was very curious as she went toward her own room. She had never seen Mrs. Lupton look as she did that night.

The night wore on, Dorothy Lupton slept, the last untroubled sleep she was destined to know for some time. Kathleen had thrown herself upon the bed were she lay staring with wide eyes into the darkness. It was hours before she slept from exhaustion.

In the library the lights burned on. The gray dawn crept into the room, and then the sunlight mingled garishly with the blue-white light that shone through the electric bulbs. The silver salver and the empty wine glass stood upon the desk. Frederick Lupton lay upon a couch, very white and very still.

At about seven o'clock, Dorson, the servant man, opened the door of the library. He stopped amazed on the threshold. Then, as he perceived Lupton, he went forward and stood beside the couch.

A little later, Dorson, looking pale and frightened, hurriedly left the library and went in search of Lormon. The latter was in Lupton's dressingroom. When he opened the door in response to Dorson's rap, he had a coat over his arm and a dust brush in his hand. He glanced inquiringly at the man's pale, scared face.

"What is it, Dorson?" he asked.

"I am afraid there's something wrong with Mr. Lupton," Dorson explained.

"What do you mean?" asked Lormon, glancing toward the door leading into the bedroom.

"He's not in there," exclaimed Dorson. "He's lying on the couch in the library. He's been there all night. I know, because I took him in some wine at about twelve o'clock."

"Well, what if he has?" said Lormon. "I suppose Mr. Frederick lay down on the lounge and fell asleep. There's nothing remarkable about that."

"No, if he's only asleep," explained Dorson. "He looks very strange, so dreadful white, and he don't seem to be breathing. He—he looks like he was dead," with a shudder.

Lormon turned back into the room, laid the coat and brush on a chair, then he came back to the door.

"Come," he said, passing into the hall. He had not lost his self-control. Of the two Dorson was the more agitated.

They went down the stairs and into the library. Lormon went at once up to the couch and bent over the still form. After a moment he turned to Dorson.

"I am afraid Mr. Lupton is dead," he declared quietly.

"Oh, Lord save us!" ejaculated Dorson, with a scared look at the white, upturned face on the couch.

"'Phone for Doctor Sydnor," directed Lormon.

Dorson glanced at him in surprise, wondering at his calmness, then he turned away and went toward the desk on which was a telephone. With the receiver halfway to his ear, he stopped suddenly, staring at the wine glass on the desk.

"What is it?" exclaimed Lormon, a little sharply.

"There's—there's something in the bottom of the wine glass," gasped Dorson.

Lormon came up to the desk and took the wine glass in his hand. In the bottom of the glass was a white sediment. Lormon looked from the glass to Dorson's startled face.

"Well?" he inquired.

"There was something put in the wine he drank," Dorson declared. "Did he take something?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lormon, replacing the glass on the salver.

"Something to—kill himself?" whispered Dorson.

"Nonsense! Certainly not!" replied Lormon, sharply. "Here, give me that," taking the receiver from Dorson's trembling hand. "I'll get the doctor."

"He's taking it mighty quiet, being as he was so devoted to Mr. Lupton," Dorson was thinking, as he stood by while Lormon got Doctor Sydnor on the wire and requested him to come at once to the house.

"Mrs. Lupton and Miss Dorothy must be told," Lormon declared, as he replaced the receiver.

A little later Kathleen, very pale and still, and Dorothy, sobbing and trembling, stood beside the still form on the couch.

"Frederick," moaned Dorothy, sinking upon her knees and fondling the white face, "speak to me! You're not dead! Oh, I can't think that! Kathleen," looking up at her piteously, "touch his face and speak to him. He loved you so, he will open his eyes and speak to you."

Kathleen recoiled with a look like terror in her eyes.

"No, no!" she whispered, with colorless lips. "I cannot!"

As Dorothy gazed up at her in wondering reproach, Lormon ushered into the room an elderly, gray-haired man. Kathleen drew aside as he came up to the couch. He gave a quick glance at the white face of Frederick Lupton, then he bent over Dorothy and lifted her to her feet.

"You and Mrs. Lupton had better leave the room while I make an examination, my dear," he said gently.

He led Dorothy to the door, Kathleen following. Outside in the hall, Dorothy dropped into a carved chair near the door. Kathleen stood beside her. Dorothy's grief and agitation were in striking contrast to Kathleen's stony calmness.

Doctor Sydnor closed the door and went back to the couch. Lormon, for the first time, displayed some emotion. He leaned forward watching the physician, his eyes strained, his breath coming hurriedly. In a moment or so, Doctor Sydnor straightened up and turned to Lormon.

"Mr. Lupton is dead," he said.

Lormon drew a long breath and seemed suddenly to regain his self-control.

"It was dreadfully sudden, sir," he declared.

Doctor Sydnor nodded, gazing thoughtfully down upon the white face.

"Yes, it was very sudden."

"I suppose it's a case of heart failure?" questioned Lormon, and he waited with a sort of suppressed eagerness for the doctor's reply.

"Well, I hardly know about that," replied Doctor Sydnor.

"Mr. Frederick hasn't been like himself for some time," declared Lormon.

"He had no organic trouble," said Doctor Sydnor. "I passed him for life insurance only about six weeks ago."

He moved toward the door as he spoke. Lormon stood gazing after him, an odd look on his face.

* * * * *

John Raymond, president of the Criterion Life Insurance Company, and James Ambrose, one of the company's cleverest detectives, sat in the private office of the president, facing each other.

"I want an investigation made of the death of Frederick Lupton, Ambrose," President Raymond was saying. "He died very suddenly about a month ago. He was insured in the company for $700,000!"

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Obedience.

Mrs. Flint always demanded instant and unquestioning obedience from her children. One afternoon a storm came up, and she sent her son John to close the trapdoor leading to the roof.

"But, mother——" said John.

"John, I told you to shut the trapdoor."

"Yes, but, mother——"

"John, shut that trapdoor!"

"All right, mother, if you say so, but——"

"John!"

John slowly climbed the stairs and shut the trapdoor. The storm howled and raged. Two hours later the family gathered for tea. When the meal was half over, Aunt Mary had not appeared, and Mrs. Flint started an investigation. She did not have to ask many questions; John answered the first one:

"Please, mother, she is up on the roof."

Vanquished.

A man passing a saloon was suddenly startled by a figure flying out of the door and landing in a heap on the sidewalk.

"You have been thrown out," observed the passer-by.

"Yes," said the victim, "but you wait! There are four of them in there. I am going in right now to throw them out one by one; stand by and count."

The man re-entered the saloon, and at once there was a commotion inside, and again a man came flying out.

"One!" cried the counter.

"Never mind counting," said a voice from the sidewalk; "it's me again."

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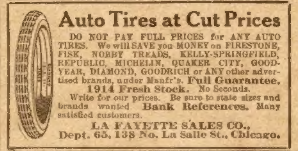
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Facing Mexican Perils

Or, The Prisoner of Castle La Garcia

By Lucius Withers

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE points of the weapons several times came perilously close to the men concealed in the hay, and it took all of their self-control to keep them from making known their presence. Both of them, however, escaped contact with the weapons, and a moment later the Mexicans left the car. Probably ten minutes elapsed before the men emerged from their hiding-place, and this was after the train had been allowed to resume its way with a mighty jerk toward the capital. Sweating and uncomfortable, Wilson and the guide rolled out into the car and gazed at each other in deep disgust. There are railway journeys and railway journeys; some of them are uncomfortable. The reporter until that moment thought that he had known all about the discomforts of train travel. But riding in a bumping box car through a tropic and semi-desert country was a new experience.

Not until the train had passed out of the tropics and had begun to wind its tortuous way among the mountains did the travelers feel other than that they were being given a preliminary try-out for his Satanic majesty's heat endurance contests. But fresh, invigorating breezes blew from among the mountain crests across the deep, cool ravines of the rugged highlands.

The train was allowed to proceed through the remainder of the trip without molestation. Toward noon it drew near to the City of Mexico. Four or five miles out of the city the reporter and his guide swung themselves from the train when it slowed for a small way station. Several hours before the pair had decided that while in the city they would make their headquarters in the home of Pedro's father, whose loyalty the guide declared could be depended upon. Acting on the Mexican's advice, Wilson decided that they had best not attempt an entry into the city until darkness had fallen. The two made their way to a bit of woodland not far from that point on the tracks where they swung off the train. They were fortunate in finding a cool, gushing spring. After partaking of food they prepared to await the coming of darkness.

The afternoon passed swiftly for the two men. As soon as the sun had set they came out from the woods and began the five-mile tramp toward the city. Wilson was in unusually good spirits. His wounded shoulder gave him no trouble, save for an occasional twinge and a bit of stiffness, and he felt that he was rapidly drawing close to the accomplishment of the strange task which fate had set for him. Also he had slept some on the train and back there in the woods, and he was physically refreshed and fit. However, there was an undercurrent of anxiety in his mind, the result of the fear that perhaps, after all, he was reaching the capital too late to be of assistance to the girl imprisoned in the Castle La Garcia. And yet he could not but feel that he had come upon the journey with all expeditiousness—as quickly as humanly possible under the circumstances. Besides, he had a nicked shoulder to show for the hazard of his enterprise. The reporter congratulated himself on the bit of rare good luck which had sent an empty train along for him to catch and bring him to his destination hours earlier than he could possibly have reached it in any other way.

Despite the fact that the confines of the city were well guarded, Pedro, thoroughly familiar with the capital, guided his companion with ease past whatever sentries barred their way. Once inside the lines, the pair made their way cautiously to the home of the guide's father. The old man was a widower and lived with his two unmarried sons. The aged man received his son joyfully and the American with marks of honor, and at once sat them down before cooling drinks and refreshments.

Pedro's father told his son many things of interest which had developed in the capital during the younger man's absence. He related that the Provisional President tottered in his seat of power, for all his blustering talk and his cruelty. He declared that the tide of sentiment had undergone a lightning-like change against Huerta, and said that it was generally reported about the streets among all classes that the Cabinet was a hotbed of plots and counter plots.

"I believe that the Provisional President only hangs onto his place because he wishes to convert his many real estate holdings into American and English money," explained the old man to Pedro. "After that, it is reported that he will take the first opportunity to flee from the capital over night. Since he came into power he has purchased much land and many houses throughout the city. This itself has caused much comment, for General Huerta was not wealthy when he was a mere soldier."

The old man also delcared that there was a growing feeling among the masses favoring a campaign of conquest by the United States.

From time to time Pedro interpreted his father's words to the American. It was while the old man was deep in his talk that a heavy knock sounded on the door. Almost immediately the door was flung open. Before the three men could rise in their seats, a dapper young Mexican officer, followed by a detachment, entered the room. Drawing his sword, the young officer ordered his soldiers to arrest the three men.

"He is placing us under arrest," Pedro explained swiftly to the American over his shoulder.

Taking the chance that none of the soldiers understood English, Wilson spoke a few quick words to Pedro. None of the Mexicans seemed to understand. Pedro spoke three words rapidly to his father. A lighted lamp stood on the table around which the men had sat. The guide nodded to the reporter. Both of them were still armed with the revolvers, taken from the dead soldier slain by Pedro back on the road from Vera Cruz.

With a swift movement the American brushed the lamp from the table. It was extinguished. Almost at the same moment two revolver shots sounded. Two quick cries of pain and the noise of falling bodies were heard in the room. Then the room was in an uproar. Some one turned the table over with a crash. Several times pistols and rifles spat spurts of fire in the darkness. In the midst of this hubbub the young officer struck a light. His hand was steady while he recovered and lit the lamp. The light revealed a sorry spectacle. Two of the soldiers lay writhing in agony on the floor. They would not leave that house alive. Another soldier waltzed, howling, about the room, wringing a hand from which a forefinger had been shot away, probably by one of his own companions. The table was overturned and lay bloodily beside one of the dying soldiers. The quarry had fled.

Cursing and fuming, the young officer dispatched his men in all directions, while he tolled off two of his men to convey their wounded comrades to hospital. The men died before they were lifted from the floor. With three or four of his men, the officer awaited the return of his searching squads. They soon returned empty-handed. The officer was a very angry little officer. The worst of it was that he had no one to blame but himself, and he knew it. This made him still angrier, but he tried not to take out his spite on the men under him. He was in for a bad half-hour when he got back to barracks, and he knew it. Leaving four of his men to guard the house, the little officer, with the remainder of his detachment, withdrew.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Henry Wilson overturned the lamp and plunged the room in darkness, he and Pedro drew their revolvers and fired blindly in front of them. Then they ducked low, overturned the table, and with Pedro's father ahead of them, dashed out of the back door into the alleyway behind the house. They ran rapidly eastward until they came out upon Our Lady of Sorrows avenue, a half-mile from where they began the mad race. They were not followed. For all his harvest of years, Pedro's father asked no odds in a foot-race, and he was well up with the younger men when they paused, panting. The fact that the three had followed an alley throughout the mad rush prevented the raising of a hue and cry, though a crowd had gathered in front of the old man's home immediately after the firing of the shots. Passing pedestrians gave the three men but a glance.

"Let us go at once to Estevilla's cafe," said the elder Mexican. "There we will find your brother Arnuldo; he must be warned not to return home. It is almost time for him to leave the cafe."

The three hurried toward the cafe. As they made their way toward the cafe, the reporter cursed the luck which had made his presence known to the authorities. But it was not difficult for him to figure it out. Pedro's home must have been watched since he left the city, and on orders of Fernandez, for no other would be interested in so doing. Perhaps, knowing the guide's connection, thought the reporter, the secretary had been led to keep as close watch on the man as possible. Wilson's mind traveled swiftly back to the tall Mexican with whom he had fought in the streets of Vera Cruz, and he wondered if this man, also, could be an agent of Fernandez. He remembered that Pedro had declared that the man's face was familiar to him. Clearly, thought the reporter, he was embarked on a hazardous mission.

The three men entered the cafe and sought seats well toward the rear of the place. They were observed entering by Arnuldo, across whose face there flashed a quick look of amazement at Pedro's changed appearance. Arnuldo, who was a waiter in the cafe, hurried back to their table. While exchanging guarded greetings with his brother, Arnuldo bent forward as if to take an order. Pedro quickly explained the situation. Arnuldo leaned still closer to his brother. Observers might have thought that he was an exceedingly attentive servant attending to the wants of a favored customer. In reality Arnuldo was doing some rapid thinking. He was wondering where the four of them could sequester themselves for the next few days. Arnuldo knew that it would be disastrous for any of them to return to the home of his father, or to be seen about the streets. Suddenly a look of hope and relief came into the waiter's face. He had thought of Danilo Ruiz, whose home stood in The Way of the Hungry Heart. Only that day Danilo had met him in the street and complained bitterly because his son, Maximo, had left home, making it necessary for the father to work. The Senora Ruiz could earn enough to buy food, but there was the little matter of the drinks which had to be attended to.

"Danilo is our hope," thought the waiter. "Danilo will do anything for the dollar." Numerous Danilo!

Arnuldo hurried away and returned with coffee and cigarettes, which he placed before his guests. Then he spoke quickly to Pedro.

The three men finished their coffee and cigarettes, and hurriedly as they might, without attracting attention, paid their score and left the cafe. With Pedro leading, they made their way by back streets to the Ruiz home. Pedro rapped sharply on the back door of the house. A moment later the door was opened by Danilo himself. The three men entered. Inside Pedro explained quickly the situation. At first Danilo's face darkened. These were troublous times in the capital; the spies of the Provisional President were everywhere, and Danilo was not a courageous man. But after a time Pedro touched upon the subject of dollars. Thereafter Danilo's face cleared. More talk, more mention of dollars, and Danilo led them into a rear room. About the three visitors as they passed through the house there were the wails of many children and the querulous voice of the senora.

"You can sleep here," he explained to the guide in Mexican. "Now about the money, senor."

Pedro spoke to the reporter.

"Leave me alone in the room a moment," answered the American. The reporter had no idea of disclosing to these Mexicans the fact that he had a thousand dollars concealed in his clothing. Pedro and the others left the room.

Wilson drew his wallet from a secret pocket at the waist line of his trousers. He extracted a hundred dollar bill and replaced the wallet. He called the other men into the room and handed Danilo the bill. Danilo's eyes bulged. Never before had the Mexican seen so much money. He hurriedly left the room, and reappeared a short time later with enough bedding for four pallets. Arnuldo would appear later.

After arranging the pallets, Danilo withdrew from the room. He was in a hurry to interview the senora and disclose the wonderful fact that he had one hundred American dollars in his possession. Neither of them need work for weeks, and the mescal would flow like water.

That night the police and military authorities were to be rarely puzzled by the complete disappearance of four men. The puzzle was destined to vex the brains of Fernandez and his followers for several hours.

A few minutes after the withdrawal of Danilo from the room, Pedro was pointing out the gray towers to the Castle La Garcia to the reporter. In the gloom, the Mexican attempted to indicate the particular window through which a certain note had been dropped

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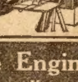

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to him, but the darkness was too deep.

Half an hour later, Pedro slipped from the house alone. Like a wraith he crept along, clinging close to shadows, until he stood under the windows of the towered room of the castle. Reaching that spot, he lifted his voice in a plaintive Mexican air. The song was one of sadness, yet it brought much joy to the heart of Constance Clemmins. There fell at Pedro's feet, after a time, a little ball of closely pressed paper, and Pedro's heart grew glad also.

Pedro hurried home to the house of Danilo, where Wilson awaited his return with impatience. The Mexican handed the paper ball to the reporter, who hurriedly unrolled it and spread it out. His glance traveled quickly down the single crumpled and closely written page. The writing was the same which had called him from Vera Cruz. There was that in the letter which sent the blood racing and pounding through the young American's body.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EBENEZER TOOTWHISTLE, consulting detective, Chicago, had one chief characteristic which mistaken popular opinion attributes wholly to womankind; that characteristic was curiosity. If Ebenezer Tootwhistle was anything, and he was many things, he was curious. For instance, Tootwhistle is the only consulting detective in America who has never fallen down on a case. William J. Burns may dispute this, but facts are incontrovertible.

Several nights after his consultation with Marvin Dannett, Tootwhistle sat alone in his extraordinary den. He sniffed snuff copiously, and sneezed with a vehemence which fluttered the papers on the table before him.

Ordinarily Tootwhistle rigidly refrained from participating actively in any case which was brought to him. He considered the case from every possible angle—bringing to the consideration a mind marvelous in many ways—gave his advice, and promptly forgot all about it. But now and again his dominant trait, despite his heroic efforts, got the better of him. Some little turn or twist would set his precise and accurate brain a-going, and he must needs give his curiosity rein.

On the morning after his interview with Dannett, Tootwhistle had picked up a copy of the Clarion-Intelligencer on the way from his rooms to his favorite cafe. Almost the first item that caught his attention was one set forth in the following glaring headlines down the middle of the Clarion's front page:

AMERICAN GIRL HELD PRISONER

Clarion Correspondent Starts on Strange Quest to Rescue Woman from Castle La Garcia.

IDENTITY NOT DISCLOSED

Official High in Provisional Government Circles Is Said to Be Implicated in Dastardly Plot.

Following these headlines was the story that Haaworth had ordered his rewrite man to build up from Wilson's brief but memorable dispatch. The rewrite man had known his work. He had written a vividly interesting story. Most of it, as to minor incidents, was not true, but the main facts were there, and Ebenezer Tootwhistle knew how to separate the gold from the dross. Also he knew that 2 plus 2 equals 4.

During the next few days Tootwhistle was a very busy man. He unraveled a diamond robbery; on his advice the Chicago police, acting in conjunction with the police of Seattle, laid hands on the man who was believed to have murdered five women in the Western city, and Tootwhistle's mentality had tracked to the Cape of Good Hope the arch-bankwrecker of them all. But all the time a little seed which had fallen into the fertile soil of his mind was germinating. Soon it would pop out of its jacket and seek the sunlight of satisfaction.

Tootwhistle was seated before his big table. His clawlike fingers, yellow and thin, drummed sharply on the table.

"Yes, yes!" he mused aloud. "Of course that's what Dannett is about—sounds nice, demme—I'm interested—think of it! Ebenezer Tootwhistle has again found a case which really stirs his interest. Has not happened in five years. Yes, demme, I'll do it!"

Tootwhistle sought solace of snuff and sneezed. He got to his feet and crossed over to his desk of the many pigeonholes, which stood in the far corner of the apartment. The detective stumbled over several bound books that barred his path, and his dingy old dressing gown trailed sorrowfully in his wake. Tootwhistle seated himself, drew the telephone to him, and called a number.

"Hello, hello!" he croaked into the mouthpiece. "Is that Cicero Aviation Field? Yes? Well, is Peachy Lincoln there? Yes? Well, this is Ebenezer Tootwhistle, the detective. Tell Mr. Lincoln I would like him to call at my office tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. Important? Yes! I never telephone to any one unless the matter is one of importance!"

Presently Tootwhistle got himself into bed and to sleep. He chuckled as he drew the covers up about his chin. He was promising himself a diversion. The fact that the plan he contemplated would cost several thousand dollars in nowise marred the shriveled old man's joy. Money he made in plenty. He spent little. Now and then he opened his purse strings for his own delectation. Now and then, also, he had been known almost to rip the threads out of the bag. He cast discretion to the four winds and spilled specie as recklessly as a campaign orator spills promises to his constituency.

Promptly at nine o'clock on the following day, Mr. Peachy Lincoln, celebrated birdman, put in his appearance at the rooms of the detective. Talk between the two men was terse and pointed.

For the sum of $5,000 would Mr. Peachy Lincoln bargain to aviate Mr. Ebenezer Tootwhistle into Mexico City within three days?

Yes, Mr. Peachy Lincoln would. Mr. Peachy would do anything except murder for $5,000; it was a dull season in aviation.

Could Mr. Peachy Lincoln start tonight?

Seeing that his big monoplane was equipped with up-to-the-minute high-geared dynamos, propellers, and searchlights, Mr. Peachy Lincoln could start at any old time. Mr. Lincoln mentioned the fact that he would like to see the color of coin. He saw it.

Preliminaries disposed of, the aviator became a very busy man. A cross country flight to Mexico was no child's play!

Mr. Peachy Lincoln chuckled dryly as he climbed down the rickety stairway from the detective's room.

"It'll be a frosty ride for that old scarecrow," thought the airman. "Bet he'll get cold feet before we're out of Illinois."

Mr. Peachy Lincoln did not know Ebenezer Tootwhistle.

CHAPTER XIX.

HENRY WILSON'S eyes raced along the written words.

"The eyes that read these words will be the eyes of a man." So ran the note. "I hope that they will be the eyes of an American. Tonight Pedro's voice seemed that of an angel to me. Brave, faithful Pedro! I had almost given up hope of any one coming, and was growing so tired of my own weak efforts to free myself. When I first thought of the plan to tunnel my way to freedom, leaving a dummy in my bed each night, I was filled with hope and joy. I soon came to learn that the task was probably more than I could accomplish.

"A spiral staircase runs from my room down into the basement of the castle. The door of this basement I believe opens onto the street. The door itself I judge to be situated about forty feet to the right of the third window of the room in which I am confined. If that door can be opened, I can be liberated.

"Oh, Man! Man! How glad I am that you are here. If you were not here Pedro would not sing. New, glad hope is in me. C. C."

The reporter leaped to his feet.

"Pedro," he exclaimed vehemently, "we must undertake to get that girl out of her prison tonight. God only knows what may happen to her at any moment!"

"What does the letter say, senor?" questioned the Mexican. The reporter told him the contents of the note, and Pedro told his father. The old man's face worked grotesquely. Pedro's eyes gleamed savagely. The thought of Constance working single-handed to free herself seemed to infuriate the man.

"Dios!" he exclaimed, in a low tone. "She should know that Pedro would not fail her!"

"Senor," continued Pedro, "had we better not wait until tomorrow night? By that time we shall have had time to arrange for the senorita's departure from the city."

The reporter pondered a moment. Then, shaking his head resolutely, he said: "No, Pedro, the quicker the better; every moment but adds to the menace of Miss Clemmins' position."

"It shall be as the Senor Wilson says," replied the Mexican. "If we free the Senorita Constance, we can bring her here; she can remain alone and sequestered in this room until tomorrow night, when we can get her away from the city."

Wilson listened intently to what the other said. After Pedro had finished speaking, the American stood a moment with bowed head. Then he lifted his face and struck a clinched fist into his open palm.

"Just the thing!" he exclaimed rapidly.

"Pedro," went on the reporter, "do you know any teamsters in the city?"

"Many, senor," answered the Mexican. "Of them all," he added, "only Miguel Gaurez is to be trusted."

"Then send this Danilo to him at once. Instruct Danilo to tell him to come to this house tomorrow morning at eight o'clock. Tell him to bring a heavy load of hay."

Pedro caught the significance of the reporter's words. "It is the good plan," he said laconically.

Pedro left the room and sent Danilo on his mission. At that moment Arnuldo came in. The four men discussed plans for the liberation of the girl, and it was decided that Arnuldo and his father remain behind to be able to notify Pedro and the American in case it was discovered that they were stopping at the house of Danilo.

"Now, Pedro," explained the reporter, "we will need weapons other than our pistols. You must seek a sword for me—these machetes of yours are too heavy for me, but you had better get machetes for yourself and your father and brother. Also buy pistols for them. Then get me a 'jimmy'."

Wilson gave the guide some money, atfer which the latter bowed and went out into the streets. Twenty minutes later he returned. He bore the jimmy and the weapons wrapped in a cloth beneath his cape. The guide handed the reporter his new weapon. Wilson caught the hilt with a look of joy on his face. He placed the point of the sword on the floor and bent the blade almost back upon the hilt. He lifted it sharply. The blade twanged musically as it straightened back into position. The reporter held in his hand a blade of blue Toledo steel.

"Pedro," said the reporter, "when we get that basement door open, you will stand guard outside while I enter the castle." Again the guide bowed.

The two men wrapped their cloaks closely about them and left the house. The hour was close to midnight when they reached the Castle La Garcia. The pair passed no one in the crooked streets which they followed, nor was there any one about the old castle. Cautiously the two men crept to the base of the tower. They felt along the wall until they found the basement door. Above them the great clock in the castle tower boomed the quarter-hour out over the city. It startled the men, and they paused taut and breathless. Not a sentry was in sight. Evidently the authorities considered the castle impregnable to the onslaughts of enemies from without. The men could see only one light in the castle. That light shone dimly out from a tiny window at the other end of the great pile, perhaps twenty yards from where they stood against the basement door.

Wilson drew the "jimmy" from his pocket. Leaning his sword against the wall, he busied himself with the lock. Now it was that his days as a police reporter back in the great city by Lake Michigan came to the American's aid. For three months he had done district police on the West Side, and during that time he had learned how burglars picked the locks of those whom they wished to rob.

Five minutes passed. There sounded only the click of the "jimmy" in the rusty lock. The lock surrendered. Wilson put his shoulder to the door. It swung heavily inward. He grasped his sword and entered the basement. Once inside, he lit a little lantern which he had brought. After a moment Wilson located the entrance to the spiral staircase; he mounted the steps, sword in one hand, lantern in the other. Back in his brain he felt a great joy surge through him. He was in the midst of adventure, real adventure such as he had dreamed of all of his life. And a beautiful woman was at the end of the quest. This sword in his hand was of that same sort with which he had learned the art of fencing when he was in college. Every muscle in Wilson's body was taut with expectancy.

CHAPTER XX.

ALL day Fernandez had struggled with his mad passion for the American girl; all day he had scourged himself for the beast that he felt himself to be. Yet his love for the girl rose up and choked down every other sentiment.

Tonight Lopez Fernandez was sleeping in the Castle La Garcia. That day he had again urged Constance to become his wife, and she had scorned him as on those other occasions. Tonight, when he sought his bed, visions of her danced before him and made him mad. At midnight he arose and sought the girl's room. A light sword was in his hand, and a revolver nestled in one of his pockets.

The secretary unlocked and opened the door to the girl's room. He stepped across the threshold and advanced to the middle of the room. He must have made some noise in walking, for suddenly Constance sat up in bed and screamed.

Then out from behind the heavy tapestry hanging along the right wall of the room burst a disheveled figure, sword and lantern in hand. Fernandez took a quick step backward. He caught himself and leaped across the room to confront the other man. The disheveled apparition dropped the lanter to the floor and met the attack. The two swords came together with a little low, musical clash; they spat fire into the gloom of the dimly lit room.

The girl seemed to sense the situation. She sprang out of bed, and grasping the lantern, held it high above her head. The light flickered over the two fighting men. The swords of the two darted back and forth like keen, quick tongues of fire. Their voices made a low, little silvery undertone that echoed about the great corners of the apartment. Crossing and recrossing, lunging and recovering, fighting swiftly until the points of their rapiers seemed to be reeling in circles no wider than a silver dollar, the combatants swayed about the room. Seemingly hypnotized, the girl stood motionless with the lantern above her head.

The reporter's first thought as soon as he felt the weight of the Mexican's blade against his own was that here was an adversary worthy of his steel. The fierceness of Fernandez's attack was immediate earnest of his courage. Thoughts of much the same nature flared in the mind of the secretary.

Wilson cursed the fate that had sent a bullet through his shoulder, but he thanked God that it had been through the left side.

As the two fought, performing a wide circle about the room, Fernandez cried out for aid. Far down the great hall and through the half-opened door there came the sound of running feet.

Lantern in hand, Constance darted across the room and closed the door, locking it from the inside and leaving the key in the lock. In a moment there was pounding on the door and shouts in the hallway. Suddenly a babble of shouts sounded up from the street below. For the fraction of a second, Fernandez's attention was distracted. Lunging forward, the American drove his blade through the right side of the Mexican. The secretary toppled and fell.

At that moment the heavy tapestry concealing the secret staircase was thrust outward, and Pedro, machete in hand, lurched into the room.

"They attacked me there below, senor!" he cried. "But I barricaded the door."

The reporter pointed to the floor.

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

The Lesser Evil.

"At the Battle of Cedar Creek," said the veteran captain of a company in one of Virginia's bravest regiments, "my company, which generally wasn't afraid of the archfiend himself, grew demoralized and panic-stricken. Despite all my efforts, they broke and started pell-mell for the rear.

"As one fellow, whom I knew was as fearless as a lion, dashed by me, I drew my revolver, and cried:

"'Halt, and return to your place! If you don't, I will shoot!'

"Shoot and be hanged!' he replied, never slackening his pace. 'What's one bullet to a basketful?'"

* * *

EYE STRAIN

Relieved by Quitting Coffee.

Many cases of defective vision are caused by the habitual use of coffee.

It is said that in Arabia where coffee is used in large quantities, many lose their eyesight at about fifty. Tea contains the same drug, caffeine, as coffee.

A N. J. woman writes to the point concerning eye trouble and coffee. She says:

"My son was for years troubled with his eyes. He tried several kinds of glasses without relief. The optician said there was a defect in his eyes which was hard to reach.

"He used to drink coffee, as we all did, and finally quit it and began to use Postum. That was three years ago and he has not had to wear glasses and has had no trouble with his eyes since.

"I was always fond of tea and coffee and finally became so nervous I could hardly sit still long enough to eat a meal. My heart was in such a condition I thought I might die at any time.

"Medicine did not give me relief and I was almost desperate. It was about this time we decided to quit coffee and use Postum, and have used it ever since. I am in perfect health. No trouble now with my heart and never felt better in my life.

"Postum has been a great blessing to us all, particularly to my son and myself."

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Postum now comes in two forms:

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The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

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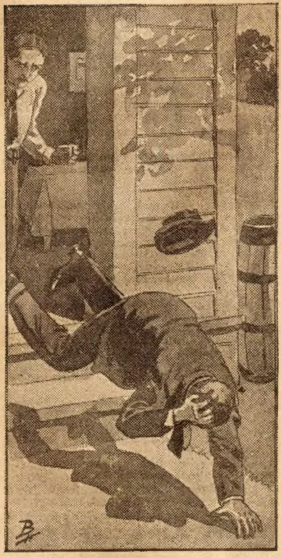
The Gay Girl Mystery

Or, Two Damsels Errant

By Victor Ardmore



Gresham pitched him out.

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CHAPTER X.

STRANGE NEWS.

THE water rolled slowly, sullenly against the mainland, tumbling its dwarfed waves against the coast, and, perhaps, lamenting that the wind was not abroad to give it real strength. Something else came from its heart, something that lifted a weary head, dragged itself upward a few feet and then lay still, quivering.

Five minutes passed, and then the something lifted itself, unstrapped a waterproof bag from its shoulders, and took out a cloak. The bag was flung under a bush, but the cloak went over Amy Thelma's head.

Weakly but resolutely she started on the last stretch of her journey. She knew that a town lay just beyond the hill, and that it was not far. Presently she turned the shoulder of the hill, and many lights were before her.

Directly after she was walking the nearest street with other people who saw nothing unusual in the girl who moved quietly, little suspecting her agitation and perplexity.

She must ask somebody questions, but who was it to be? Now that she was there, how was she to find Gresham? It did not look as easy as it had before.

A newsboy passed by, calling out after the manner of his kind:

"Extra, extra! Arrest of the burglar. Read about the catching of Gresham, the silver thief!"

Amy Thelma put out a hand and grasped at the fence of a nearby house. The words had come to her clearly and almost paralyzingly. She had the explanation of Gresham's long absence. He was arrested for a thief, and that meant—she stared after the unconscious boy, bewildered and appalled. A thief! Then her head was suddenly held high and her mind framed words she did not utter.

"I won't believe it, I won't! It isn't so!"

Strength and power returned to her, and she moved forward again. How now was she to take Gresham back to Long John with her? Arrested burglars did not go so freely as that, she believed. Yet, she had come to find him, and he must be found. Where was he? Whom was she to ask? She shrank from questioning any one.

Suddenly she noticed a large building a little farther on, lighted and official of appearance. A few persons were moving away from it, and she saw it would soon be deserted outside. She waited until she would be free from prying eyes, and then went closer.

Mounting the high steps, she found she could look inside, into a room that fronted on the street. She looked and—Gresham was there.

He sat by a table, one of half a dozen men. All were in plain clothes, but two wore glistening silver badges on their coats, so she knew she had found the official presence.

Greshman was composed, but neither in his face nor in those of his companions was there anything of peace and good will. Temper and sullen antagonism were exhibited by the men with badges, and Gresham was cold and stern. There surely was no good will between the two parties.

A prisoner, and she had swum all the way from Long John to hasten him back there. Water dripped from the garments under her cloak, and the prisoner might have thought that every drop was a tear for him. Had he known he would have seen more, for much had been ventured for him that night.

What was she to do next?

While she looked the men one and all rose. One paused to extinguish the lights, but the rest moved toward the door. Amy Thelma ran down the steps and crouched by their dark side, out of the reach of casual eyesight.

They emerged, and, without a word, immediately divided into two parties. All but Gresham and two others walked away. The three stayed close by the steps, watching the others go. Then Gresham suddenly started.

"I've go to be moving," he said briskly, his manner very natural. "Those fellows have the bond, so I am reprieved. I still think I had better go to the city in person, to get that part for the engine. Dave, I want you to take the dory and pull over to Long John and stay there until I return—just as we have arranged already."

"I'll do it," replied one of the strangers.

"I have ten minutes to catch my train. I'll rush the work through and get back as soon as possible. Maybe I can get back by tomorrow night."

He smiled and held out a hand, but the hand fell to his side in a listless way as Amy Thelma moved to his side.

"You mustn't go!" she cried softly. "You are wanted on the island."

Gresham stared at her blankly, his flow of words checked and lost.

"You—here!" he exclaimed.

"I've come for you," she explained hurriedly. "You are wanted, for there is trouble on the island. Come back! Don't go to the city!"

He was not one to lose his self-possession for long, and he turned to his two male companions.

"Give me a private word, friends," he said, "but wait for me."

They answered and fell back promptly. Amy Thelma lost no more time.

"Tresselton is on Long John!" she announced. "I don't know who nor what he is, except that he is your enemy, but he is there."

He started and the calm of his face disappeared. She had not believed him capable of the consternation and alarm he now showed.

"Tresselton there!" he exclaimed sharply. "What has he done?"

"Searched the house and found nothing, but he is camped on the island and will stay."

A question was on Gresham's lips, but she did not wait for it. Having given the story in brief, she swiftly enlarged upon it. Wasting few words, but being very clear, she told what had happened there since the enemy first appeared.

"Now you see," she concluded, "why you must go back to Long John."

"I do see!" he answered promptly. "I am very grateful to you for coming to notify me. You are right, I must return, and at once. Dick, come here!"

The man came without delay.

"My plans are changed," Gresham pursued, "I am going to Tilley's, and I'll let you go for the machinery. Catch the train and press the buying matter. As soon as you are here again, come over to the island. I've told you how necessary it is that I have that bit of the engine. The train——"

"I'll catch it, and I'll have the rod in your hands as soon as possible. I'm off!"

He ran, and Gresham turned to the second stranger. A few words passed between them, though they were inaudible to the girl, and then he wheeled upon her again.

"I'm ready," he said. "Are you?"

There was only one reply to make, and they hurried along until the water was before them.

"Where is your boat?" he asked.

"I have none," she returned quietly.

"No boat? Then how did you get here?"

"I swam."

"What? You swam—from where?"

"From Long John."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

He had stopped and was staring at her blankly.

"You came across that wide water—that way? But I had for the moment forgotten that there was no other way to get here. It was a feat I thought no woman could perform. But why did Tilley let you venture it?"

"He knew nothing about it. Nobody knew. Leaving a note for Betsey pinned to my pillow, I slipped quietly out and came. Unless they have found the note they think me fast asleep. Don't be so much surprised. The way was a trifle long, but I have been in the water before. I knew I could do it—and I did."

"And you came because——"

" You ought to know your enemy was

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there. That's all. You saved me from disaster that other night, and I owed you something. I've tried to pay, tonight. There, there, Mr. Gresham! We must not delay. If your dory is here, let us get back. You know who is there."

"I do know," he admitted darkly. "My place is there, and I'll go. I shall be glad to see Mr. Tresselton, for I want a settlement with him. Something may happen on Long John!"

CHAPTER XI.
THE OPENED DOOR.

THE boat was where it had been left, and Gresham was soon pulling away from land with Amy Thelma in the after part.

"It was a wonderful thing you did," he said, in an odd voice. "Very wonderful! A long, hard swim, even for a strong man. Poor Tilley can swim only a hundred feet or so, and it could not be expected of him. All the way from Long John! Remarkable, and I can't tell how grateful I am. You have been a great good friend, and—ah! the water is so wide between coast and island. But how did you find me when you reached land?"

"Oh, it was easy; and yet I asked no one a question," she answered.

"I don't see how you came upon me, then."

"I used my eyes—and ears."

"Do you mean—"

Both his tongue and hands stopped short. Letting the dory drift he gazed at her intently. The light was poor, but he was doing his best to read her face.

"I remember," he added, "hearing a boy call out an extra that had to do with the arrest of a burglar named Gresham. Did you hear that?"

"Yes."

"I am that Gresham."

"But no burglar, I think."

"Do you really think so? Then you differ with the officers in yonder sleepy town, for they arrested me, and I've only just been bailed out. I may have to face trial later."

He resumed rowing slowly, and as slowly continued his explanations.

"You see, it is like this. There have been three or four burglarious raids along the coast lately, farmhouses being robbed of valuables. The thief has not been caught. When I came ashore the last time I was seized by the officers, the items against me being, first and chiefly, that I was a stranger hereabouts, and, secondly, that somebody claimed to have seen me near where a robbery took place."

"How do you account for that?" Amy Thelma asked, with some curiosity.

"Imagination! Nothing more. I only paid the penalty of being a stranger here. With such feeble evidence to back up their claims I would soon have been out of captivity again, only that the one man here with money who knew about me, and would bail me out, was away from home. He was brother to Dick, the younger man I sent after the part of the engine. When Mr. Packard returned bail was arranged. That's how things are now. I'm out on bail, a desperate burglar afloat!"

He laughed lightly, and as if he enjoyed the joke.

"Believe me, I shall be able to clear myself. I can hardly blame the officers, nor the persons who lost things. Their loss, by the way, was not great. The worst hit of the lot was a Mr. North, who was robbed of jewels and family silver. I am not in possession of his silver, nor of any other silver."

"I see," said Amy Thelma. "It is good to have a clear conscience."

She was not speaking her mind as freely as before. Able to consider more logically now they were afloat, she recalled Gresham's mysterious night trips away from Long John, and even gratitude to the man did not make her hasten to proclaim his innocence further. She waited, hoping he would at once establish his freedom from blame, but he laughed again.

"You see you are in dubious company," he remarked.

"The robberies were in the night, were they not?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then how could you do them when you were on the island?"

"A very good point."

"The Gay Girl was never out, was she?"

"Nobody could take her out with me sleeping in the cabin and not wake me."

With this oblique response he fell to commenting again on the long, hard swim she had had, looking both ways at the water, and he added further thanks, but Amy Thelma was greatly disappointed. She knew the motorboat had been out, and that he must have operated her, yet he evaded the point. Had the arrest been wholly a mistake?

The mystery of the Gay Girl was growing troublesome, and it affected her in a new way. As her spirits sank she became more aware of her weariness and of the discomfort of the garments that clung to her so damp and cold, and the ardor died out of her loyalty to him. Had she stood again on the island she would not have been so full of zeal to swim to the mainland to help him.

As they neared Long John, Gresham's manner changed. He forgot his recent experiences and looked sharply at the island.

"So Mr. Tresselton has gone into a tent to live?" he asked.

"So it seems."

"He will change his mind and leave," was the curt declaration. "There is no room on that peaceful land for such a snake, unless he is willing to have his head bruised by an honest heel."

"Suppose he refuses to go?"

"He will have nothing to say about it. His only part will be to go."

"But he has two men with him."

"Nevertheless, he will go. Either that or—well, he'll go!"

Gresham looked at the shore, seeking for the proper nook to drive the dory to the land, and then suddenly turned back and looked at his companion.

"Did you remember," he asked, "when you set out to swim, that you might possibly encounter your own enemies ashore?"

"Yes."

"Yet you risked it! It was a brave, noble thing to do. It is possible to overdo thanks, perhaps, but I feel your goodness greatly. A wonderful thing you did."

Under its impetus the dory went ashore, and the conversation was dropped. They landed, and Amy Thelma left him to conceal the oars as usual and flitted away to the house. She gained her room without arousing any one, and was soon casting off her wet clothing. She had barely finished when she heard voices outside, and, looking, saw Gresham and Tilley in earnest speech. She went to her rest, her mind busy with a profound problem.

"What is the mystery of the motorboat, and why didn't he explain?"

The answer did not come that night, and after a while she fell asleep. For good or ill she had dared the wide reach of water, and Gresham was back on Long John, instead of being on his way to the distant city.

Morning dawned bright and clear, and she found herself none the worse for her adventure. Her clothes were not dry, but others had been supplied by Mrs. Tilley when she first came, and they were not bad enough to be disdained on the island. Having been joined by Betsey, she opened her door to go downstairs, but paused when voices rose from below. It was easy to recognize the speakers as Gresham and Tilley, and the intensity of their words checked her.

"I tell you," said Gresham, "I'm going to face that scoundrel and drive him away from Long John. It will please me to break his head while I'm about it, too."

"And I tell you," retorted Tilley, "that you must hide right after breakfast, and stay in hiding. If he sees you he will feel sure this is the right place to look, and he will find——"

Mrs. Tilley came hurrying from the kitchen.

"This is no place to talk," she exclaimed. "They will hear you upstairs. My man is right, Mr. Gresham, you mustn't be seen by Tresselton. Hide, sir, hide, or—but come this way to talk."

Amy Thelma closed her door softly and stood thinking. The mystery was becoming too deep for her peace of mind, and she wanted the whole of it or nothing. If Gresham, who was to face Tresselton so masterfully, was now to hide from him, what did it mean?

Ten minutes later she and Betsey descended the stairs with unusual noise and joined the family in the eating-room. The girl's first impression was that Gresham was sulky, and that Tilley was mentally relieved, from which she guessed that the plan for hiding was victorious.

She was greeted with more than old friendship, and by nobody more naturally than Gresham. Whatever he intended to do, his strong mind had grappled with the situation firmly. Breakfast was nearly eaten when he suddenly changed the subject.

"It's hard luck," he declared, "that the Gay Girl is not ready for departure."

"Never mind," replied Mrs. Tilley, soothingly, "you just keep quiet through the day and Dick Packard will be here tonight."

"Perhaps so, and perhaps he will have some trouble in getting what the engine needs. His return is uncertain."

He turned upon Amy Thelma suddenly.

"If I have the motor repaired in time, are you ready to leave Long John tonight?" he asked.

"To go where?"

"Wherever you say. My preference would be for the city, but you shall have your choice. The main thing is to get away from here. Do you know anybody in the city?"

"Yes. I have remembered that I have a good friend there, and it would please me to go."

"That settles that much. As soon as I get Dick's purchase—it will not be over five minutes' work to adjust it—we will be off for the sea run. Meanwhile, I suppose we may as well—er—keep quiet today."

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Tilley, suddenly.

Footsteps sounded outside the house.

"Go!" she added hurriedly. "It may be he. Go and hide, and I will be very slow about answering the knock. Quick!"

Gresham rose, his movements hesitating, but there was no knock. Without preliminary the outer door was flung open. Tresselton stood looking in.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE NEAR DANGER.

THE intruder on Long John looked innocent at first sight, for he was smiling, and the pail he carried on his arm suggested a trivial errand, but the smile faded as he had view of the room. The fact that Gresham had come to his feet made him the noticeable figure there, and, heedless of everybody else, they stared at each other, Gresham in hard hostility and Tresselton in surprise and bewilderment.

He was not slow-witted, however, and his expression changed.

"Oho!" he exclaimed. "Oho! so this is who we have here."

Gresham passed around the table with quick steps, and, drawing near to the intruder, spoke in a voice as intense as it was quiet.

"Just at present you and I are here, but it will not be so long. You are about to take yourself away from this island."

"Oh! am I?" sneered Tresselton, easily. "Do you own the island?"

"I have hired it, and there is no room here for a beast like you. I give you just half an hour to take your men and go."

"And if I won't go?"

"Then you will be made to. I advise you to go peaceably. It is better to have a whole head than a broken one."

"What an amiable fellow!" scoffed Tresselton. "Fraternal as a mad dog, but, happily, not so dangerous. Try to make me go and see what will happen! Wait a bit, though, until I get over my surprise at seeing you here. Never suspected it before. What brought you?"

He stopped short and then snapped his fingers exultantly.

"I have it!" he cried. "I see the whole business now. You are the fly in the ointment, my lad! Before I saw you I had no real passion for staying on Long John, but horses could not draw me away now. Yes, I see it all, now!"

His gaze left Gresham and roved sharply over the room, as if he sought for something else.

"Go back to your men, and take them and yourself off of Long John!" repeated Gresham, inexorably.

"How you do hurry matters!" scoffed the intruder. "Here I have come to borrow a pail of water, and I really must have it. Get it for me, my lad! Stir yourself, and act the waiter that you should be. It will be an honor to you to play nigger to a gentleman——"

The sentence was never finished. Gresham sprang forward, grappled with his enemy, and, despite his struggles, bore him back to the door and pitched him out headlong. Tresselton went down heavily, crushing the pail beneath him, and lay half-dazed. Gresham stood surveying the result of his prowess with eyes that glittered under scowling brows.

Then the fallen man gathered himself up slowly, ran an investigating hand along his ribs and winced a little. He had lost the first round in the battle, and knew that it would be folly to attack one so much stronger than he. His face had gone white, but it suddenly reddened with anger.

"You brute!" he exclaimed. "You knew you were better at rough work than I, or you wouldn't have dared to touch me. You shall smart for this—you and somebody else!"

He mechanically picked up the broken, useless pail.

"I'll go for now," he growled, "but I won't leave this island. It was only a camp for me before, but now it's a treasure-spot. Yes, I know why you are here. I understand the whole affair."

He looked up and ran his gaze along the whole side of the house, eying the windows narrowly.

"Run to earth!" he cried jubilantly. "Penned in!"

He turned and walked a rod, wheeling to add a final word.

"I know where to look now!"

He had freed his mind, and he moved away with long steps.

Amy Thelma had seen and heard all. Previously, she had detested Tresselton, and it was the same now. If he had done the chief part of the talking, he had not covered himself with renown. The man who had been so sparing of words, yet so quietly intense of manner, had revealed himself far more favorably. The girl had become a strong partisan, and she gloried in that great cast that had sent Tresselton into the dirt. She could not understand, yet she felt that Gresham was justified for all he had said and done.

Suddenly he turned back and faced Tilley.

"Are you sure," he asked, "that you hid your boat so it can't be found?"

"Sunk it in four feet of black water," Tilley tersely replied.

"And sure that those knaves have no boat?"

"Yes."

"What if they, like you, have hidden one?"

"Oh! but they had no suspicion we were here, at first."

"True! This is important, for they must not leave Long John. The first time I ordered him to go I meant it, but afterward I kept on saying it to lead him astray. He must not go, nor any of his men. All three must stay here until Dick Packard comes with the engine part. When I have that, and the Gay Girl is ready for sea, Tresselton may do as he sees fit."

He stirred uneasily and resumed in a changed voice.

"I wish I had gone into hiding before breakfast," he admitted. "My resentment against that man has led me into errors of judgment. I ought never to have considered ordering him away. Your plan was better. However, it's over now. He has seen me, and we must act accordingly."

He turned upon Amy Thelma abruptly.

"I beg," he said, smiling faintly, "that you will not get a wrong impression here. I spoke harshly to Tresselton and attacked him, but if you knew the man you would not blame me. He is a scoundrel, a smiling, heartless wretch, who has done evil that bars him from the consideration of decent people."

"I disliked him from the first!" Amy Thelma said quickly.

"You did right, perfectly right, and it shall be proved to you. Yes, and before long. I am going to give you an explanation of things that may now be mysterious to you, and you will find that I have violated no law of good behavior. I will tell you all——"

Mrs. Tilley had been out of the room. She now came hurrying down the stairs, her expression worried.

"Tresselton and his men are gathering in the woods," she announced, "and I think that means they will start a bonfire."

"A signal to their allies on the coast!" added Tilley. "They are going to call reinforcements here."

"They will not burn that fire!" Gresham declared.

He started for the door and Tilley, only waiting to slip a revolver into his pocket, followed. Amy Thelma, pale and startled, stared after them, her heart beating rapidly.

What would happen when the bitter enemies met?

The conclusion of this interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year and we have stories awaiting publiction that you cannot afford to miss.

* * *

How It Started.

"Dick," said Mrs. Obbington to her brother, "whenever I leave the children with you, you let them do exactly as they please, don't you?"

"Well, we did the best we could. It was two to one. That gave the kids the majority and majority rules."

"You should have been able to keep them from fighting, at any rate."

"In regard to the fighting, I played the part of the constabulary according to the rules. I arrived after the fight was over."

"You should never have let the fights start."

"Couldn't help it. Angela said, 'We will be twins.' Dovey said. 'No, we will be ladies.' Angela offered to compromise by being twin ladies, but that did not suit Dovey, who wanted to be papa, while Angela was mamma. To submit to the inferior job of being mamma was too humiliating for Angela's spirited and warlike mood and trouble arose.

"That was fight No. 1. No. 2 was a fiercer battle, and of longer duration. Dovey was singing, 'Tender Little Violet.' Angela said, 'You don't know that song,' Dovey said, 'I do. I learned it at school.' Then Angela said it wasn't a school song. Dovey said it was and that's where the second encounter started.

"Fight No. 3 was concerned with property rights. Dovey proposed that she play with Angela's doll and that Angela play with her doll. They swapped dolls, and also doll carriages, stripping garments off both and handing them back and forth until there was the fiercest mixup you ever saw.

"I think that the fight which resulted from that situation was the one where they tore up the rug and upset your vases. Believe me, that was some argument!"

"Did you stand around and watch those two children fight? Did you?"

"I did not. I observed what I have been telling you as I was on my way to separate them. As soon as I could get their faces washed and their hair smoothed down they were on their way to the picture show with me between them.

"I didn't stay between them long, however. They insisted on sitting beside each other and they had their arms around each other, and were eating peanuts out of the same bag during the entire performance, as polite as two ladies with secrets to divulge to each other.

"I really think I deserve great credit for handling the situation so tactfully."

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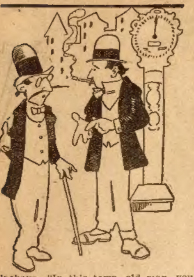


Gaeboye—"In this town, old man, you can't get away any place without dropping a dollar or two."

Wizegye—"I dropped a cent in a scale there and got a weigh with it."

* * *

Sermons in Stones.

Mrs. Hoolihan—"This paper says there do be sermons in stones. Phwat d'yez think of thot?"

O'Hoolihan—"Oi dunno about the sermons, but many a good ar-rgument has coom out av a brick, Oi'm thinkin'."

The One Question.

The Judge summoned Raftery. "Young man," he said, "you have been asking those jurors questions. Who has been informing you?"

"I can't tell you, Judge," Raftery replied. "It wouldn't be right to the juror. He didn't know he was talking to a reporter."

"But you asked him questions," said the judge, heatedly.

"Not questions, Judge," soothed Raftery. "I only asked him one question—just one—but I asked that one frequently."

"What was that question?" demanded the judge.

"Why," Raftery replied, "my question was: 'What will you have to drink?' "

* * *

Anxious to Learn.

"Now," said the magician, smiling, "I am not about to extract from this hat a rabbit. That trick is too easy. I will remove from this hat a choice porterhouse steak, the sort you pay 28 cents a pound for. After which I will show you how the trick is done, so that each of you may easily——"

But the magician got no further. In its eagerness to learn, the audience fairly mobbed him.—Puck's Quarterly.

* * *

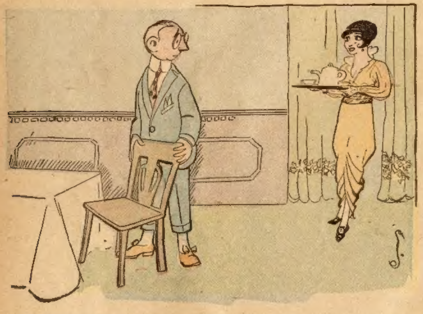
The Maid's Artifice.

The Caller—"Who is that singing?"

The Hostess—"That's our new maid. She always sings at her work."

The Caller—"What a happy disposition. Mercy! How loud she sings."

The Hostess—"Yes. When she sings loud she's breaking something and trying to cover it up."



Mr. Bridemore—"Did you make that split pea soup for dinner?"

Mrs. Bridemore—"I've started it, but we can't have it till tomorrow. It's taken me all day to split the peas."

A Large Family.

"Yes," he remarked, stretching himself lazily in the one really comfortable chair in the commercial room. "I'm the youngest child of a big family."

"How many of you are there?" asked a fellow knight of the road.

"Well," replied the lazy one, "three of my brothers are dead, but there were ten of us boys, and each of us had a sister."

"What!" gasped his questioner. "Do you mean to say that there were twenty of you?"

"Dear, dear, no—only eleven."

Self-Defense.

A woman having more than the average portion of avoirdupois mounted a Superior avenue car the other night. Safely inside she grabbed at a strap and stood on a sitting man's toes for the trip home.

Almost immediately the sitting man got up, bowed gracefully, and motioned to his seat.

"You are very kind, sir," dimpled the roly-poly woman, subsiding.

"Kind?" snorted the man who had risen. "This ain't kindness—it's self-defense!"

All in Vain.

The teacher was trying to break James of saying, "I have went," but the task seemed hopeless. So, as a last resort, she had him stay after school and write twenty times on the blackboard, "I have gone home."

While the child was occupied, the teacher left the room, and was still absent when James finished the task. And to acquaint her with the fact, he wrote:

"Dear Teacher: I have wrote what you told me and have went home."

* * *

Insured.

Tourist—"You lose considerable, don't you, by autos running down your chickens in the road?"

Villager—"Oh, they are insured."

Tourist—"I didn't know you could insure chickens."

Villager—"It's this way. When the autoists stop at my blacksmith shop for repairs I always tack on a little to cover any possible loss of poultry."

* * *

Guessed Wrong.

George—"What a fine building that is across the way."

Charles—"Yes, yes; but the owner built it out of the blood, aches, and groans of his fellow men; out of the grief of crying children and the woes of wailing women."

"Ah! A rum seller, of course. Yes, yes!"

"Oh, no; he's a dentist."

* * *

Didn't Know Him.

A little girl whose father was a commercial traveler sat on a porch holding a kitten and, creeping up close, her mother heard this: "Kitty," said the young miss, "I know you an' I know your mamma, an' I know all your little brothers an' sisters, but I ain't ever seen your papa"—then after brief pause—"I spec' he must be a traveling man."

* * *

A Great Drop.

He came in breathlessly, hurrying lik one who bore important news.

"A butcher in the market dropped sixty feet!" he exclaimed.

"Is he dead? How did it happen? Tell us about it!"

"No, he isn't hurt a bit."

"That's remarkable."

"They were pigs' feet."

* * *

Cheated.

In a certain home where the stork recently visited there is a 6-year-old son of an inquiring mind. When he was first taken in to see the new arrival he exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, it hasn't any teeth! And no hair!" Then clasping his hands in despair, he cried: "Somebody has done us, it's an old baby.

* * *

No Wonder.

"There ought to be only one head to any family!" shouted the orator.

"That's true," replied a married-looking man in the audience.

"You agree with me!" shouted the speaker.

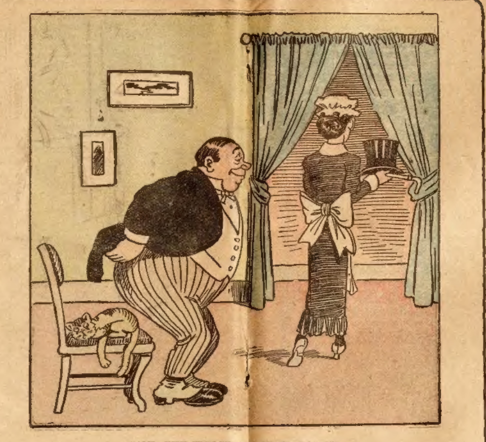
"I do," replied the married-looking man; "I've just paid for hats for nine daughters."

* * *

It All Depends.

Among the members of a working gang on a certain railroad was an Irishman who claimed to be very good at figures. The boss, thinking that he would get ahead of Pat, said: "Say, Pat, how many shirts can you get out of a yard?"

"That depinds," answered Pat, "on whose yard you get into."



"AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME!"

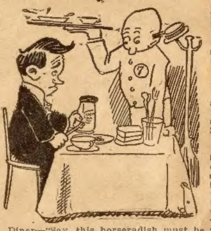
Allowed a Stopover.

As an express train was going through a station one of the passengers leaned too far out of the window, overbalanced, and fell out. He fortunately landed on a sand heap, so that he did himself no great injury, but, with torn clothes and not a few bruises, said to a porter who was standing by:

"What shall I do?"

"You're all right, mister," said the porter. "Your ticket allows you to stop off."

* * *



Diner—"Say, this horseradish must be forty years old!"

Waiter—"No, sir, it's so young, sir, it might be properly called coltradish, sir."

An Accident.

"I hev come to tell yez, Mrs. Malone, that yer husband met with an accident."

"An' what is it, now?" wailed Mrs. Malone.

"He was overcome by the heat, mum."

"Overcome by the heat, was he? An' how did it happen?"

"He fell into the furnace over at the foundry, mum."

* * *

His Pride.

"There's an awful lot of family pride about Bob Beasley."

"How so?"

"Why, his wife is such a good cook her stuff usually gives him indigestion. And when the neighbors ask him what's wrong with him he always tells 'em it's a mysterious case of ptomaine poisoning."

Nothing Wasted.

Balloonist—"What have you got as ballast to throw overboard when we want to lighten the balloon?"

Assistant—"A keg av beer. Sure, we can drink it when we want to lighten the balloon instid av t'rowin' it overboard, an' nawthin' ull be wasted!"

* * *

Long Past.

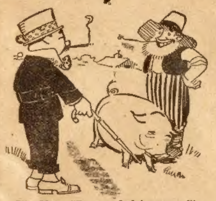
Workhouse Master to Irish Tramp—"When do you take a bath, man?"

"Ivry marnin' of my loife, sor."

"But you're in a filthy condition."

"Shure, your honor, the marnin' of my loife's long past."

* * *



City Man—"Do you find hogs pay?"

Rube Wilks—"I dunno; I never loaned one anything."

At the Dentist's.

An Irishman, with one side of his face badly swollen, stepped into Dr. Hurtem's office and inquired if the dentist was in.

"I am the dentist," said the doctor.

"Well, then, I want to know if you can tell me what's the matter with this tooth?"

The doctor examined the offending molar and exclaimed: "The nerve is dead; that's what is the matter."

"Then, be the powers!" exclaimed the Irishman, "the other teeth must be holding a wake over it."

* * *

Hard Luck.

Two hard citizens were standing in a selected spot talking confidentially. One of them suddenly sneaked away, while the other stood on guard. Soon the first one was seen to emerge from a window and join his pal.

"Did yous git anyt'ing?" asked the one in waiting.

"Naw, de guy what lives in dere is a lawyer," growled the other.

"Dat's hard luck," said his pal. "Did yous lose any t'ing?"

* * *

High Cost of Living.

Mr. Nuwed—"Seems to me our grocery bills are very high for two persons."

Mrs. Nuwed—"You wanted me to be economical, you know, and I've been using up the bread crumbs for puddings."

Mr. Nuwed—"Quite right, my love, and good puddings they were, but I was speaking of the grocery bills."

Mrs. Nuwed—"Yes; you see it takes about $5 worth of other things to make the bread crumbs taste good."—Puck.

* * *

For Better or Worse.

"Susannah," said the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the question, "Does you take dis man to be youah wedded husband, for bettah or wuss?"

"Jus as he am, pahson," said the muscular colored scrub lady, "jest as he am. Ef he gits any bettah Ah'll know de good Lawd's a-gwine to take him, en ef he gits any wuss Ah'll 'tend to him myself."

* * *

Shady.

"Well, did you discover anything in Stump's past life that we can use against him?"

Detective—"Not a thing. All he ever did before he came here was to sell awnings."

Election Agent—"Why, that's just what we want. We'll say that he has been mixed up in some decidedly shady transactions."

* * *

Not Particular.

"I suppose, Jerry," said the eminent statesman, looking through his pocketbook for a new dollar bill, "like a lot of other folks nowadays, you would rather have clean money?"

"Oh, that's all right, Senator," said the cabman. "I don't care how you made your money."

* * *

Amnesty.

"I see where a band of them starvin' Mexican rebels gave up when they were offered amnesty," observed Henry Cornfield, laying down his paper.

"It sounds queer, but if it's fillin' I guess it must 'a' tasted mighty good to 'em," observed his neighbor.

* * *

The Happiest Moment.

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" asked the sweet girl.

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me sleeve links in exchange."

Overwork.

"'Allo, Bill! You do look pale and thin, Bill! Wot's wrong, Bill? Been ill, Bill?"

Thus spoke one jovial frequenter of the gutter to a friend he had not seen for weeks.

Bill passed a horny hand across his brow.

"No," he answered, "I ain't been ill; it's work—work from 10 in the morning till 9 at night and only one hour's rest. Think of it, mate!"

"Lumme!" replied Bill's mate. "And where are you workin'? 'Ow long have yer been there?"

"I ain't been there yet," retorted Bill, with a groan. "I begin te-morrer!"

* * *

Suitable.

"I suppose," remarked Mrs. Brown, "now aviators are becoming so numerous and are actually holding aeroplane contests that we may expect to see a weekly paper published in their interests."

"Oh," said Smith, "there has been a suitable paper on sale for a long time now."

"Indeed! What is its name?"

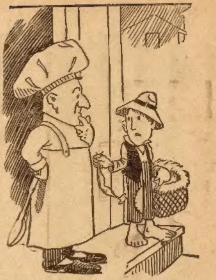
"Fly paper."

* * *

Couldn't Help It.

"Tell me candidly, Doc, do you think I'll pull through?" asked the patient.

"Oh, you're bound to get well," replied the doctor. "You can't help yourself. Statistics prove that out of one hundred cases like yours one per cent invariably recovers. I've treated ninety-nine cases and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you can't die if you try!"



Boy—"Want to buy any frogs' legs?"

Chef—"What kind are they?"

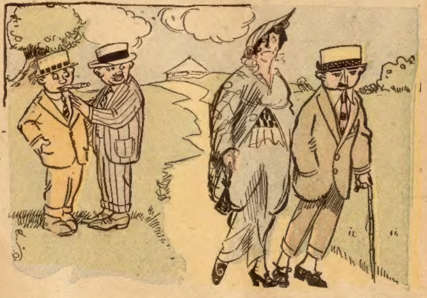
Boy—"Rights and lefts!"

* * *

Perils on Sea.

Kitty—"Willis Norton met a girl on board the Atlantic liner, and before they got to the other side he was engaged to her. What do you think of that?"

Tom—"It only goes to show that not all of the perils of ocean travel have been eliminated yet."



Howell—"I know she had a lot of money, but I don't see how he could have married a woman who looked like that."

Powell—"I think he took gas."

His Fear.

"What is the meaning of 'regeneration,' Tommy?" asked a teacher of one of the most promising pupils.

"It means 'to be born again,' sir," was the answer.

"Quite right, quite right, my man. Would you like to be born again, Tommy?" asked the examiner.

"No, sir, I would not," replied the heretical youth, boldly.

"Indeed, boy, and why not?" inquired the astounded preceptor.

"Because, sir," answered Tommy, "I'm fear'd I might be born a girl."

Not a Long Stop.

Transient—"Kindly tell me whether this ticket will allow me to stop over here?"

Station Agent—"It depends. What do you want to stop for?"

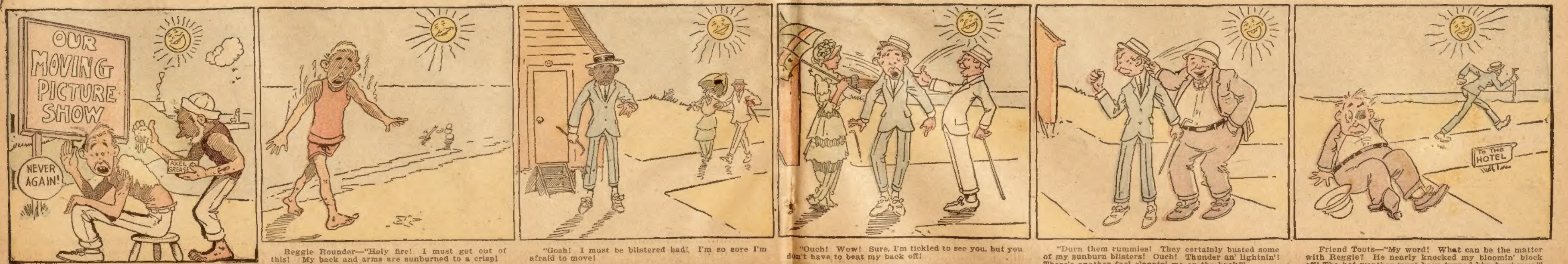
Transient—"To visit some rather distant relatives of mine, the Jinkses."

Station Agent—"Then you'll have plenty of time. This ticket is good for the next train."

Transient—"See here! Do you know how long I intend to stop?"

Station Agent—"Not exactly; but I know the Jinkses."—Puck's Quarterly.

THE BATHING BEACH BLISTERS



Reggie Rounder—"Holy fire! I must get out of this! My back and arms are sunburned to a crisp!

"Gosh! I must be blistered bad! I'm so sore I'm afraid to move!

"Ouch! Wow! Sure, I'm tickled to see you, but you don't have to beat my back off!

"Durn them rummies! They certainly busted some of my sunburn blisters! Ouch! Thunder an' lightnin'! There's another fool slappin' me on the back!"

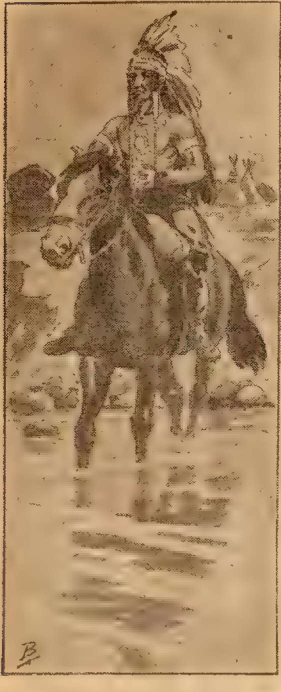
Friend Toots—"My word! What can be the matter with Reggie? He nearly knocked my bloomin' block off! The hot weather must have turned him bughouse!"

THE WAR DRUMS

OF

HIS FATHERS

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN



Young Otter rode into the stream.

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CHAPTER VII.

NEXT morning Bettina looked out on the snowy slopes of Cloudy Peak, far above timber line. She was weary in body and soul, owing to the tremendous physical exertion of the trip to the mountain sanctuary of Young Otter. Yet the magnificence of the latter half of the journey, in the full moonlight, had thrilled her. In addition, she had the comfort of Clara's presence, for the Indian girl and her husband were the only companions of Young Otter and Bettina on the trip.

Young Otter, chanting strange songs, had ridden ahead, along the steep and rugged trail. Then followed Bettina on a sure-footed "squaw pony." After her had come Mrs. Bear-in-the-Cloud and her husband, leading pack ponies, for the travois, generally used for transporting Indian camp equipment, would have been useless long before timber line was reached.

At midnight, when they had reached the summit of the mountain, and from all sides could look down on the snowy shoulders of the great peak, camp was made. Two tepees were pitched in a sheltered nook in the rocks, just below the extreme summit. Bettina and the Indian girl occupied one of the tents, and Bear-in-the-Cloud slept in the other, but Young Otter remained on the peak all night, wrapped in his blanket, but occasionally tossing off his covering and standing like a statue in the moonlight, with arms upraised to the stars and his voice resounding in strange incantations.

It was evident that Young Otter was in a state of increasing exaltation. His songs grew louder and more weird, and his supplications to Manitou, as they were caught upon the breeze and borne to the wakeful Bettina's ears in the tepee below, were fairly blood-stirring. Shuddering at the weirdness of her surroundings, Bettina crept closer to the Indian girl. She said no word regarding an escape, but Clara whispered:

"Be ready to make a dash at any time. If I can see a chance I will try to escape with you. There are many caves in the rocks above timber line. We might be able to hide for a day or two till help came."

"Let me go alone," said Bettina. "If you are caught with me they will kill you."

"They will probably kill me anyway, if I let you escape," said the Indian girl. "It is better that I should go with you and guide you down the mountain. If you get lost up here, it would mean starvation before you could find a trail through the down timber in the forest."

"Then I refuse to go," said Bettina, but the Indian girl spent much of the night peering from the tepee, and not until well toward daylight did she give up.

"Bear-in-the-Cloud is keeping too close watch," she said. "Besides, I do not think we could escape from Wahpootka-Naks in the bright moonlight. From the peak, where he stands, a man so keen-sighted as he could almost see a rabbit stir anywhere this side of timber line."

Discouraged and afraid for the safety of her new companion, for whom love flamed fiercely in her heart, the Indian girl wept softly. At daylight she slipped a small revolver from the folds of her blanket and handed it to Bettina.

"Here," she said. "Carry this in the pocket of your big coat, and do not take your hand from it. If Young Otter offers to harm you, shoot through the pocket of your coat. Do not try to draw the revolver out of your pocket. He is so quick he will catch you if you do."

The confidence that had been slowly deserting her returned to Bettina as she clutched the weapon. With the Indian girl, she stepped out of the tepee to the grateful warmth of a fire which Bear-in-the-Cloud had just kindled. Young Otter was just descending from the peak. His face showed little or no effects of the long vigil he had just been through. Something of the dignity and gentleness in the Indian's face struck Bettina, and pity struggled with the fear in her heart as the young messiah approached.

"Have you rested well, Miss Angell?" asked Young Otter.

Bettina was about to answer when the Indian's quick eye caught the outline of the revolver in her coat. Without a word he grasped her firmly by the wrist and plucked forth the hand that held the weapon. Handing the revolver contemptuously to Bear-in-the-Cloud, Young Otter said something in Crow which made the young husband turn upon his wife with hand upraised. Clara had covered her face with her blanket as soon as Young Otter secured the weapon from Bettina. Now the Indian girl cowered down, expecting the blow, but Bettina sprang forward and seized the Indian's upraised arm.

"You shall not strike her!" exclaimed Bettina. "Young Otter, tell him Clara shall not be punished for her natural desire to aid a sister in distress."

Young Otter waved Bear-in-the-Cloud aside.

"Let the squaw go," he said, "and get your rifle, for here comes some one up the mountain."

Far down the slope, in the direction indicated by Young Otter, the figure of a man, pigmy-like at that great distance, could be seen toiling up the peak. Young Otter looked long and intently, and then he spoke to Bear-in-the-Cloud, who was crouched behind a bowlder with his rifle at rest, ready to shoot the visitor as soon as he came within range.

"Don't shoot," said Young Otter in Crow, "for it is Captain Keith, and he is carrying a white flag. Let him come."

Young Otter's keen vision had told him correctly. Captain Keith was approaching the little party on the peak. He climbed with the rapidity and assurance of one used to the heights, and soon he was within hailing distance of the camp. Raising his hand, palm outward, he paused. Young Otter made the same signal, and the Captain came on.

Bettina watched his approach with a delight she could not conceal, and even Clara, used as she was to hiding her emotions, could not resist some outward expression of satisfaction at the approach of a possible rescuer for one whom the Indian girl now held dearer than life. Soon Captain Keith, with tensely drawn features showing the mental strain he had been under since Bettina's abduction, leaped from the surrounding barrier of rocks and stood in front of Young Otter in the little amphitheater in which the camp had been made. The Indian regarded him silently and impassively.

"Young Otter, I have come to demand that you give up this girl!" said Captain Keith. "The soldiers have arrived at the agency, a thousand of them. The commanding officer has sent a message to you. He believes that if you will come in and surrender, much bloodshed will be avoided. If you continue to keep on this course of rebellion, the commander says he will kill every one who is in any way connected with this uprising. If your followers will disband now, they are given assurance that no one will be harmed, and that this recent outbreak will be entirely overlooked. But first, and most important of all, you must let me take this young woman back to the agency with me."

Young Otter smiled contemptuously at the commander's terms.

"You know I care nothing for the threats of this puppet," he said. "But you tell the commander that Young Otter will come to the agency three mornings from today—not to give himself up as a prisoner, but to make real the last and greatest of his visions. I wish all my people to be assembled at the agency at the same time—my followers and all the weaklings who have had doubts of Young Otter's greatness. I want the soldiers to be assembled on one side of the stream, and the Indians on the other. Then I will come, and, single-handed, prove the extent of my power. The soldiers shall shoot at me, but their bullets shall not harm me, because first I shall toss in their eyes a handful of dust which shall blind them. Then, with the long knife I wear, I shall make the heads of the soldiers fall at one blow."

Opening his blanket, Young Otter showed that from a red sash depended a long cavalry saber which had been painted red. Astounded at what he took to be an evidence of complete madness, Captain Keith gazed into the face of his former battle-mate.

"Good heavens, Young Otter! You have gone completely mad!" exclaimed Captain Keith. "Give yourself up and let the agent and other authorities deal with you legally. The soldiers have Hotchkiss guns, and they will blow you to pieces—you and all your followers."

The Indian smiled grimly and said:

"Tell your people this, and let my people know it also, Bear-in-the-Cloud, that before Young Otter comes to the agency to defy the soldiers the great gun that shoots today and kills tomorrow shall explode and kill several of your warriors. It is Young Otter's prophecy, and it shall come true. It will convince my people that Young Otter speaks the truth, and that he shall overcome the long knives single-handed, even as he has declared."

"But about Miss Angell," said the Captain gravely. "Does she go back with me?"

Captain Keith spoke calmly, but the tense muscles of his frame showed the great strain under which he was laboring while waiting for the Indian's reply. Slowly the light died out of Young Otter's eyes, and they became dull and lifeless. He looked long and searchingly at Captain Keith, and then he smiled slowly and sadly.

"Captain Keith," said the Indian, "you are a brave man, and I have seen that proved on the battlefield, but you have never proved it as you have in coming here today. For if I said the white woman must stay on the peak with me, you would fling yourself upon Young Otter, and Bear-in-the-Cloud and myself would be compelled to kill you. That would be a pity, for I love you, Captain Keith, as a private soldier must always love a brave and honorable superior officer. Also I love Miss Angell, and to prove that love I am going to give her to you, to take back to the agency unharmed."

A great wave of thankfulness swept over the Captain and Bettina. Before either could say a word, Young Otter summoned Bear-in-the-Cloud and withdrew to one of the tepees. He gave the young Indian directions in the Crow language, telling him to inform his followers that they must meet at the agency in three mornings to witness the final and greatest manifestations of Young Otter's power as a messiah.

"When I have blinded the long knives with the magic dust and have slain them with this red sword," said Young Otter to Bear-in-the-Cloud, "tell them that the Crow nation shall come into its own. We shall rule this land of the curling buffalo grass and sweet water, even as our

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fathers ruled it. We shall extend our hunting grounds to the very borders of the old hunting grounds of the Cheyennes and Sioux. Our lodges shall be pitched in every fertile valley that we knew of old, and to which we are now strangers. Tell the Crows to assemble at the agency, men, women and children, that they may mark the fulfillment of my prophecies. First shall come the explosion of the gun that shoots today and kills tomorrow, and then Young Otter will appear, single-handed, to fulfill his visions."

Bear-in-the-Cloud, under the direction of Young Otter, struck the tepees, and soon these, with all the camp supplies, were on the backs of the pack animals. Not a particle of food was left for the young messiah

"I must fast and meditate," said Young Otter. "I want no food."

When the camp equipment was packed and the saddles adjusted, Young Otter spoke a few words to Bear-in-theCloud. Then he turned to Captain Keith.

"I have given Bear-in-the-Cloud directions as to a trail that will lead you quickly to the agency after you get your horse at timber line," he said to Captain Keith. "You will not be discovered by any of my people after you travel that trail. Bear-in-the-Cloud will have to leave you soon, in order to carry my message to my followers. Good-by."

Captain Keith wrung Young Otter's hand and tried to say a few words that would make him desist from his contemplated act. But the look in the Indian's face made him keep silent. The Captain only murmured huskily:

"Good-by, comrade!" and stepped hastily over to adjust a saddle strap that seemed to need attention.

Bettina saw also that it would be useless to attempt to dissuade Young Otter. She merely clasped his hand, and, sobbing, was helped into the squaw saddle by Clara.

As the little cavalcade wound slowly down the side of the peak, Young Otter stood at the very summit, outlined against the sky, a somber, blanket-wrapped figure. Apparently he did not even turn to look at them, but was engaged in rapt contemplation of the heavens. The storm clouds, which had begun to gather about the peak, wrapped themselves about his form as the party approached timber line. As the swirling mists descended upon him, Bettina thought she saw the young messiah wave a farewell.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON the third morning after the return of Captain Keith and Bettina Angell from the stronghold of Young Otter, the Indian agency was bathed in bright sunshine. The little river, which had been reddened by the blood of many soldiers in the adventurous years of Indian combats on the plains, sparkled like a string of jewels. On one side of the stream a thousand soldiers were encamped. Their Sibley tents shone white against the dun background of rolling hills that swept away from the agency. On the other side of the river was camped the entire tribe of Crows.

The commander of the troops, an old Indian fighter, knew the situation demanded careful handling. A younger and more impetuous man would have started immediately upon a campaign of punishment and subjugation, and immediately there would have been war. But the commander had leaped at a chance to get a message to Young Otter through Captain Keith. He knew the daring messenger was risking his life in threading his way through the reservation, where restless, dissatisfied Indians were roaming, ready to kill any white man at the first excuse. But he also knew Captain Keith's risk was nobly assumed, and that it might afford a bloodless way out of an acute crisis.

The day after the safe arrival of the Captain and Bettina at the agency and the delivery of the Messiah's message to the commander, there had been consternation in the camp of soldiery. Just as Young Otter had prophesied, a Hotchkiss gun had exploded, the "gun that shoots today and kills tomorrow," as the Indians have always called these dreaded weapons that have figured in so many plains engagements, had been used as an object lesson. Ostensibly the soldiers had been practicing marksmanship at the agency, but in reality the commander desired to throw fear into the hearts of the redskins who assembled to watch proceedings in the camp of the long knives. After a few shots the Hotchkiss had exploded, and two of the gunners were killed and three others seriously wounded.

"It couldn't have been more unfortunate," said the commander to Captain Keith and Bettina. "It has borne out another prophecy of that trouble-making medicine man. The news has gone abroad through the reservation like wildfire that the Messiah's prophecy about the big gun explosion has come true. It is true we have another field-piece coming tomorrow, but that will not make any difference. The damage has been done, and Young Otter's cause has been strengthened more than I like to admit to any Indian."

"I have been over in the Indian camp," said Captain Keith, "and I have reason to believe that every Indian there is well armed."

"Every man-jack of them has an arsenal under his blanket," said the commander. "Even those Indian police who are patrolling the stream so diligently on the other side are ready to throw in with Young Otter in a second. Just let another of his confounded prophecies come true, and the whole tribe will be fighting us like wildcats. I've ordered all the white men and women at the agency to come on our side of the river tomorrow morning, when Young Otter's due to show up here. They've got to keep under cover behind the hills back of us, until we settle this thing by peaceful means or bloodshed."

All day and all night the Indian camp was augmented by new arrivals, brought by the astounding news that Young Otter's prophecy about the big gun explosion had come true. Next morning, before sunrise, the voices of a dozen Indian criers could be heard in the great camp. These cries mingled with the barking of the Indian dogs and the shouts of children. The strange jumble of sounds greeted the ears of the white people at the agency who filed across the river and took their places in the hills, back of the miltary camp, as the commander had directed.

Hour after hour the whole agency waited for the staging of the final act in Young Otter's drama. The soldiers were drawn up in battle array, with the newly arrived Hotchkiss gun in front. The cool of the early morning vanished, but still the commander held his men in battle line.

"I agree with you that this young medicine man will surely show up," said the veteran to Captain Keith. "Of course, if he were the yellow kind and flunked at the last minute, it would be so much the better for us. It would be the quickest and most bloodless way of ending the whole thing. The Indians would simply hoot at him in disgust, and would go on about their business. We've got to wait here, in either case. Whether it turns out to be a farce or a tragedy, here we've got to stay to the end."

"From what I know of Young Otter, I should say it will be a tragedy," said Captain Keith gravely.

On the other side of the river, the Indians had massed to witness proceedings. The women and children were grouped back in the hills and the men, wrapped in their blankets, were at the water's edge.

"Those Indians are ready to strike at an instant's notice," said Captain Keith, watching through field glasses. "The camp outfits, back with the women and children, are all loaded on travois. And the ponies are ready to start on a run. Every woman and child and every pound of camp equipment can be out of danger in three minutes. There never has been a soldiery in the world the equal of the Indians in the art of mobility."

"Right you are," said the grizzled commander. "There's never been any cavalry in the world to match those fellows on the bank yonder, either. Look at those horsemen on those half-wild ponies—the finest riders in the world. They're a lot of human fleas, these plains Indian horsemen are. Fighting 'em is the most maddening business in the world. Mobility—why, some Injun invented the word! White soldiers have never realized what the term means."

A stir among the Indians on the bank told that something had happened.

"Here he comes!" called out Captain Keith. "By Jove! There's a stirring sight for you."

A long lane parted in the mass of Indians on the other bank. Down a gentle declivity leading to the river bank, through this living lane of his followers, rode Young Otter, naked from the waist up, save for a great necklace of bear claws. A magnificent war bonnet of eagle feathers rippled over his shoulders. About his neck hung a pouch containing the magic dust which he claimed would blind the soldiers. At sight of this a murmur of excitement arose from the Indians. Long and heavily fringed leggins of buckskin, ornate moccasins, and a long red scarf about his waist, from which depended the red cavalry sword, completed his costume. His face was painted fantastically, and, as he urged his horse through the stream, with the spray splashing about him like jewels, Captain Keith was conscious that his heart was beating faster, as was the heart of nearly every other spectator.

Only the old commander was as cool as ice.

"Remember now, the first time you fire at this young trouble-maker, it must be over his head," was the order. "No firing to kill till I give the word."

An aid galloped along the line with the admonition. The cavalrymen had sprung into their saddles and were in battle formation. In front was the Hotchkiss gun, grim and forbidding, with a bunch of blue-clad statues grouped about it—statues which could spring into life and deadly action at the mere shouting of a word.

Straight across the stream and up the opposite bank rode Young Otter, and faced the soldiers. He guided his wild pinto pony with only an Indian hitch about the animal's jaw. Plunging his hand into the bag at his neck, Young Otter brought forth some of the magic dust and scattered it in the air. Urging his horse at full speed, he galloped up and down the grim line of soldiers, scattering the dust until the bag was empty. Shouting tauntingly, he threw the bag away. There was a stir among the Indians on the other bank.

"They're beginning to move over there," said the grizzled commander, who seemed to be keeping his eyes everywhere at once. "We've got to be doing something or they'll be across that river in another minute, and we'll have the whole swarm about our ears."

Then the commander made his one mistake. He ordered the soldiers to fire a volley over the messiah's head. As the volley rang out, and Young Otter was unharmed, shouts of triumph arose from the Indians on the other bank. Several of the young bucks, who had been the most impetuous followers of Young Otter, rode halfway across the stream and shook their rifles openly at the soldiers and shouted imprecations.

"They think that dust has blinded the eyes of your men, General," said Captain Keith. "You'll have to shoot to kill. It's the only way out."

Both the officers realized that quick action was demanded. One or two rifles were discharged among the Indians on the other bank. Blankets were cast off, and firearms openly displayed. Horsemen rode up and down the bank, shouting words of encouragement to Young Otter.

"They're telling him to show them what his magic sword will do," said an interpreter, who stood at the General's side. "But some of them are not going to wait for that. Here they come across the river now!"

A hundred or more warriors plunged their horses into the stream preparatory to leading the entire tribe across and precipitating the combat. Young Otter drew forth the great red sword. Just then a cavalryman's horse, made frantic by all the excitement, bolted from the line and dashed toward the young messiah. Swinging his red sword, Young Otter brought it down with terrific force on the cavalryman's neck. The soldier fell, with his head nearly severed from his body, and a yell of triumph arose from the watching Indians.

Then the General gave the signal to fire to kill. Only a few could fire, because a squad had dashed out to recover the body of the cavalryman. But fifty or more carbines blazed at Young Otter, who had flung himself under his horse's neck and was dashing along the blue line toward the river. Once the pinto horse faltered, but dashed on again.

Then the statues about the Hotchkiss gun came to life. The grim weapon was whirled in the direction of the careering horseman. The Hotchkiss gun spoke, and a shell screamed toward the pinto pony. Almost under the feet of the horse, the shell exploded. The horse fell, screaming in death agony, but Young Otter, a marvelous horseman, alighted on his feet in the sand, with the edge of the water at his moccasins. Torn and bleeding, he cast the broken sword from him and plunged into the stream. His mission had failed. An Indian policeman on the other bank, who had been shouting encouragement to the messiah but a moment before, now rode his horse knee deep into the stream and fired at the swirling red sash. An arm was flung convulsively out of the water, and then the red scarf ceased to swirl and Young Otter sank. From the Indians on the bank rose a wail, which was caught up in a shriller treble by the women and children on the sand benches in the background. In five minutes only a cloud of dust, that settled over the river, remained to show that there had ever been an Indian at the agency.

The grizzled commander wiped his brow.

"I've been in a good many tight places," he said, "but that was the closest of all. I hope I don't have any more messiah hunting mixed up in my campaigning. Those fellows have the gift of prophecy too highly developed."

* * * * * * *

A week later Captain Keith and Bettina Angell stood on a high, cactus-crowned hill overlooking the agency and the entire valley. The river wound like a silver snake at their feet. The brown prairie was covered with patches of snow. Winter was descending quickly upon the reservation.

Near at hand was an Indian burial scaffold—four poles supporting a tightly swathed figure. Under the scaffold lay Young Otter's saddle. The forelock and tail of his war pony fluttered from the poles. At another pole waved an American flag.

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when the meadow larks are singing," said Bettina, "and put up another flag, for this one will be torn by the storms of winter."

Then from her dress she drew a blood-stained letter.

"An old Indian—Young Otter's father—gave it to me just as we were starting out," she said. "He got it from his son's body, he said."

Together they smoothed out the missive and read:

"To Miss Bettina Angell and Captain Keith: Letting the soldiers kill me will be the easiest way to end all the trouble I have started. I never intended any harm to you, Miss Angell. My followers were strong in demanding the slaughter of everybody at the agency. I told them that, with you as my bride, I could win the greatest favors from Manitou and restore the tribe to its old power. But I told them this could not be done if your friends were killed. I knew you would come with me to save your friends, for you are brave. My followers thought a great massacre would come later on. I hope you will marry Captain Keith. He is a brave and good man. I hope the soldiers will make quick work of me. I do not see anything in life without you. That is all the harvest I have gathered from the training your white men have given me."

"WAHPOOTKA-NAKS."

"Poor fellow!" said Captain Keith, softly. "He paid the full price for his white training. Are you going to do as he advises?" he added.

"About what?" asked Bettina.

"About marrying Captain Keith."

"Of course," said Bettina, for did not Young Otter have the gift of prophecy?"

The End.

* * *

Unmasking Harold.

"The perfidy of man," declared the girl with the mink toque, "is something to make one shudder!"

"Whose perfidy are you shuddering at now?" inquired her friend in the black broadcloth suit.

"My former fiance's," explained the girl with the mink toque. "Harold, in other words. When I think that I might have married that man, not knowing his true character, how thankful I am that I found him out in time! And I trusted his every word!"

"How could you find the time, this busy season of the year?" demanded her friend, skeptically. "Harold is such a talker. What did he do?"

The girl with the mink toque sighed. "He vowed that Edith was nothing to him!" she declared. "He was sort of devoted to her when he first met me, you know. I saw right away that she was not the kind of girl for him—not up to his standard at all. He was just wasted on her. Edith really is perfectly dreadful, she said such things about my trying to get Harold away from her! My trying! Why, I simply couldn't escape him after he once had seen me! As though I had to try!

"She was awfully bitter about Harold's getting engaged to me and prophesied that he would come back to her and everything like that. I made Harold promise that he never, never would go near her!"

"Of course you did right," agreed the girl in the black broadcloth suit. "One can't be too careful about guarding one's fiance nowadays. They're scarce, like other luxuries, with the high cost of living!"

"He said he wouldn't," declared the girl with the mink toque. "He insisted that nothing would make him go within a mile of her—that he simply couldn't see her when I was on earth. No matter how sweetly they talk, dear, never believe them! I never shall again! Then one day recently, when Harold came to pass the evening as I supposed, it rained."

"What of it?"

"He had to have an umbrella, didn't he?" snapped the girl with the mink toque. "He looked sad and said he was terribly upset, but there was a man in town whom he had to meet that evening—business appointment and all that—and he had expected to have a cozy evening with me, but that a man was often called upon to sacrifice his own wishes and he hoped I would understand.

"I didn't care so awfully much about Harold's going early, because I had been up late for four evenings and was so sleepy that my head ached; so the chance to get nine hours of slumber appealed to me, I told Harold that while he had completely spoiled a happy evening for me I would bear it patiently for his sake, and invited him to help himself to an umbrella from the rack, as it had begun to pour outside. Gazing at me, he selected one at random.

"Next morning when father found his pet umbrella with the gold knob gone—the directors presented it to him for something or other—he had spasms until I told him that Harold must have taken it. I telephoned Harold to return father's umbrella double quick—and Harold began making the weirdest excuses. With father fuming and Harold shilly-shallying over the 'phone I nearly lost my mind—and in the midst of the excitement the umbrella arrived by special messenger with a note addressed to me!

"The note was from Edith—and she said she knew that my father must be anxious about such a valuable umbrella, so she was sending it back at once—it had his name engraved on it, you know. She said Harold was so forgetful and that he had left it at her house the evening before.

"Harold came on the gallop when I 'phoned him that evening. I held the umbrella up before him and murmured that Edith had sent it. He turned purple. 'I 'phoned her this morning,' he gasped miserably, 'and she declared that I hadn't left it!'

"You thought you'd get it back here and I'd never know, didn't you?" I demanded.

"My dear, that man had the audacity to say that he had gone to Edith's because she insisted that she was going abroad for years and would never see him again, and he couldn't get out of going to see her. Well, I turned him off with scorn. Any man who is as easy as that is not smart enough to be trusted with my future. Fate found out his duplicity and so we parted. However, we've got the gold-knobbed umbrella back in the family and that's something!"

* * *

He Declined.

A young Clevelander who is always generous with his touring car offered to take the old colored janitor of the apartment in which he resides down town the other day.

"No, suh, boss—no, suh, thank you, suh," grinned the ancient functionary. "I reckon I'll wait and go on de street cyah."

"What's the matter, uncle? Are you afraid?"

"No, suh—me afraid? No, suh. I got to wait."

Uncle, have you ever been in an automobile?"

"Nevah but oncet, an' den I didn't let all ma weight down!"

* * *

He Knew.

A Washingtonian who was touring the Shenandoah Valley, stopped his motor car in the road one day and asked an aged darky who was painfully proceeding in the opposite direction whether he knew where Mr. Simpkins lived.

"Yessuh," was the reply. "He live heah in de valley."

"Do you know where his house is?"

The aged negro chuckled. "'Deed I do, boss," he said. "I only wisht I had as many dollahs as I knows where dat house is."

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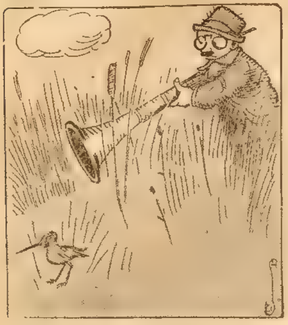
The Sportsman's Primer

By Norman H. Crowell

Snipe Shooting.

THIS is a sport in which three things are of urgent importance. A quick eye, steady nerve, and a well-polished vocabulary of acidulous expostulation.

The snipe, a bird built on the plan of a magnified flea, is the only animal that flies in more than one direction at one and the same time. In the words of General Custer at the battle of Pea Bridge the man who pots a snipe must arise early and "go some." Snipe are never hunted with clubs, slungshots, salt or deputy sheriffs. The huskiest old cannon you've got will not be any too huge for this game. Pour in a fistful of dynamite, run in the morning paper, then a pint or two of shot and wind up by cramming in an old shirt or something. If the barrel of the gun is not yet full, put in the ramrod.


"The huskiest old cannon you've got."

The snipe being located (theoretically) the gun is placed in a horizontal position with the nether end resting snugly against the right shoulder. In case you shoot left-handed, this will be considered overruled for you. When the bird breaks cover you immediately scribble "Z" on the atmosphere with the gun and pull the trigger. If the gun scatters far enough you may damage the snipe more or less severely. If not, you can chalk down a clean miss.

Never shoot twice at the same snipe. Results have never justified the expenditure. Only one man is recorded to have secured two consecutive shots at a snipe and that one was in a cage

Never shoot on impulse. If your dog suddenly wiggles his tail do not lose your wits and shoot at the tail. Wait till the snipe gets up about eight feet, aim for his hip pocket and grit your teeth as you fire. A strong gun will throw shot lively enough to bruise the bird's rear elevation a trifle, but the ordinary farm weapon is generally twenty minutes late.

The snipe's reprehensible habit of yelling "'Scaped" just as soon as he jumps from his lair is a most disconcerting item to nervous shooters. By the time the howitzer has been trained and discharged a good healthy snipe in the prime of early manhood will be zig-zagging through the jungle two miles away. Carrying the gun cocked is advisable—providing your finger don't get cramps and an injury occur to a friend's adjacent precincts thereby.

The usual snipe load is three fingers of powder, heel of a felt boot, eleven hundred No. 9 shot, another boot heel and well crimped. A man and team will haul in all you kill for a small fee.

A man must start in bright and early if he intends to get full mess of snipe before sundown. A bushel basket of snipe will dress about a pint and a half. Ninety per cent of them are fathers. A man can shoot a duck at an average outlay of three cents. To kill enough snipe to equal a duck he will spend in the neighborhood of seventy cents and miss two meals. Watch the man who hunts snipe—the chances are strong he is robbing the bank.

■

Chicken Hunting.

PRAIRIE chicken, grouse, Swede pheasant, stubble duck, and various other synonymous appellations are brought to bag easily—on paper. With a stub pen and a pad of hard-sized paper a man having no regard for ink will do more execution in twenty minutes than the deepest-dyed game-hog could in a week. A naturally modest man has been known to slaughter prairie chickens (on paper, that is) at a rate averaging six per minute for hours at a stretch, while he makes doubles across thirty-acre hog-lots without the slightest difficulty—if his pen is working right.

Hunting chickens on paper gives a man a distinct advantage over the other method. The fields are always covered with chickens like a speckled blanket. The dog—Hat Rack out of Slap Bang by Ping Pong the Second—performs like a working model of a rotary engine—absolutely perfect. The gun kills farther than a brick cheese ever dared to. The chrome-tanned hunting shoes (in this case being brilliant carmine socks) fit perfectly and shed everything from cockleburrs to tears.

In the evening the hunter goes home (takes another jab at the ink) and folds himself into a rocking chair to review the day's sport behind a cloud of fragrant cabbagio smoke. It is great fun—hunting on paper. No early risings and hastily snatched breakfasts. No arguments with obstinate land proprietors, and never any scarcity of game. And best of all—no feathers or innards to wrestle with late at night when your physical system is up on its hind paws hollering for sleep.

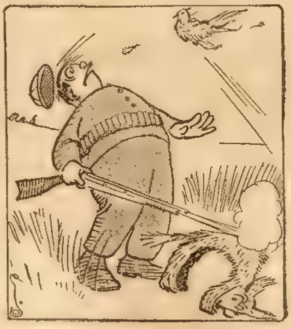
Although the supply of this noble game has dwindled till the hunt for it resembles an act from a weary farce we may profitably suggest a few hints to beginners.

After deciding to hunt chickens, tie up your high-salaried dog and borrow a good, mangy pup from the coal heaver. A light, frolicsome load of number eight shot dexterously countersunk in the animal's encore will make him work like a fiend.

Carry the gun at ready, full cocked of course. Don't neglect to have it loaded. In the course of time the dog may arrive at what is said to be a "point." Sneak up till you can kick him if he moves and you will observe that he is pointing a last year's rabbit cadaver. Promptly shoot the dog and he will renew the chase, yelping with glee.

About 4:27 p. m. something gets up at your feet and sails off with a noise like a runaway cream separator. You then kick yourself heavily and make brutal remarks concerning your origin and aim in life, not forgetting, however, to again perforate the dog. He begins to enjoy it after a while and will run in to draw your fire if you overlook it longer than thirty minutes.

The only proper time to shoot the dog is upon scoring a clean miss, pulling wrong trigger or attempting to fire when safety is on. Never use buckshot on the dog—it spoils the hide.


"Something gets up at your feet."

The prairie chicken travels in harems. It is often difficult to hold the gun correctly ahead of the game. In such cases the novice may secure better results by holding a board ahead instead.

* * *

Alike After All.

A stunning specimen of the Princeton Tiger was fondly holding the hand of the pretty little Vassar lass, and at last he approached the leading subject courageously. "I have carefully studied the matter from the scientific point of view, and am thoroughly convinced that we are fitted one for the other."

"Please explain yourself," said she, looking up at him with her large, bright eyes.

"It is simply this," he continued, "according to science, which is the only way to approach the subject. You see, you are light and I am dark. You are short and I am tall. You are small and I am large and powerful. You are sprightly, vivacious; I am somewhat sober and phlegmatic. In short, we are opposites, and opposites should marry."

"Yes," she replied; "but there are exceptions to all such rules, and I know of one in this case that is sufficient. I cannot marry you."

"In what respect is this exception made?" he demanded excitedly.

"You see," she smiled up at him again, "you are like me in this: I could never earn my own living."

A Balanced Account

(Continued from page two.)

hours start of me, but if I don't catch him before he leaves Sandstone, my name ain't Dave Morgan."

Heney got to his feet unwillingly. "You're welcome to the horse an' saddle, Dave," he protested, "but why don't you wait till morning? You need rest, man, an' I'll go along with you. You're not in shape to travel all night, and Dutch Davis is the toughest guy in the Northwest. You'll need to be at your best to handle him."

"No, Jim, I'm going just as quick as I can, and I don't need you, oldtimer. I'm all right. This Davis is a bad actor, but it's my business to handle men like him, and I'm paid for it. You're not. Besides, I want to meet up with him alone. You look for me back this way in two days—if I'm not here then I'll never come."

With a shrug of his big shoulders, Heney departed to do as he was told. He knew it would be fruitless to argue with Morgan in the latter's present mood. There was nothing for it but to furnish such aid as he could.

Without wasting time in an effort to pick up the rustler's trail, Morgan headed straight for Sandstone. He knew that Davis would stop there, at least, and if it lay in human endeavor and horseflesh to do it, he intended to get there before the outlaw left. Forgotten was his wound and the fact that he had not slept for twenty-four hours. There was time enough for such things any day in the year. Just now he was busy.

As the good little horse beneath him loped rapidly through the moonlit night, the deputy formed his plan of procedure. Sandstone was in Montana, outside both his county and State, and as an officer he had no authority there, but he didn't let this knowledge bother him. His sole object was to meet Davis face to face and wipe out the blot of disgrace which the rustler had put upon him a few hours before. Nothing else mattered; the future could take care of itself. Law or no law, Dave Morgan was going to get his man.

It was about nine o'clock next morning—a hot, dusty day in August—when the deputy rode into the lazy little town of Sandstone and turned his horse loose in the corral behind the livery barn. Then, walking stiff-legged from his long stay in the saddle, but showing otherwise no signs of his all-night ride, Morgan set out in search of the rustler. For an hour the hunt was fruitless. At last, however, as he turned the corner of a side street, he saw Davis coming toward him a block away.

Slowly the two approached each other, while a little crowd—for in some inexplicable manner the news of the manhunt had already gone abroad—gathered at one end of the street to witness the meeting. Davis was wearing, as usual, two guns, and when he saw Morgan, who was still some distance off, his hands dropped until they rested just above the butts of his weapons and his shoulders hunched forward a trifle. He was tensing himself for an exhibition of that uncanny speed at the draw which had made him notorious in three States. Just how Morgan happened to be there and not lying dead some fifty miles away he did not know—as a rule, the men at whom he shot ceased to bother him from that time on: but he nursed no delusions. He knew that this was no ghost, but a strong man in the flesh who came to meet him.

Morgan walked slowly and naturally until only about ten feet separated him from the rustler. Outwardly he was calm and cool as though engaged in a pleasure stroll. His solitary revolver, swinging loosely in its dusty holster on his right hip, was his only weapon; otherwise, except for the silver-plated badge on the lapel of his open vest, he was unarmed.

"I've come for you, Dutch," was the deputy's quiet greeting, when barely three yards was between them.

"The h——l you have!" Davis' tone was distinctly hostile. "What right have you got buttin' in over here? You're off your range, Mister Sheriff. We ain't in Wyoming now; we're across the line in Montana. That thing," he pointed disdainfully at the officer's badge, "ain't worth a cuss in this country."

"I know it," was the soft-voiced retort, and very deliberately Morgan unpinned the badge and tossed it out into the street. "I didn't come as an officer but as a man, Davis," he went on, "and you're going back into Wyoming with me not because I've got the law back of me, but because I'm a better man than you are."

Davis laughed scornfully.

"Talk's cheap," he remarked, "an' for a man that was left for dead no longer ago than last night, I must say you're long-winded. Better be careful, though I ain't a patient man, an' next time I'll make a sure job of it."

"That time has come then, Davis. You go back to Wyoming with me peaceable—and the horses you brought with you—or we shoot it out here and now Suit yourself, but remember that I'm watching you this time."

The rustler flushed a dull pink.

"What odds does that make?" he demanded, in a rasping snarl. "You don't figure I'm scared, do you? If I was I wouldn't be here right now. I heard you was in town an hour back."

"We're wasting time," was the deputy's comment, "and I'm in a hurry. We've got a long ride ahead of us, Dutch. Are you coming peaceable, or not?"

"No, d——n you!" Davis snarled, suddenly losing control of himself. "If you must have it, take it, you——" With a motion so incredibly swift that the onlookers could not follow it, he reached for his guns.

Nobody could tell just what happened after that. It was all a blur of speed General opinion was, however, that as Davis drew, Morgan sprang to one side and the holster on his hip seemed to explode, so quickly was his weapon drawn and fired. For an instant Davis stared stupidly, then, doubling like a jackknife, he pitched forward onto the ground.

Morgan slid his revolver back into its resting-place and stooped over the fallen man. After a brief examination he disarmed him, and turned to a bystander who had come across the street to stand and gape curiously.

"Get me a pail of water," the deputy ordered curtly.

When the man returned with a brimming bucketful of cold water, Morgan dashed it over the rustler's head and shoulders and then leaned back against a convenient hitching-post. Idly contemplating his unconscious victim, he made a cigarette and began to smoke slowly, his face as placid and emotionless as wood.

Some time later Davis stirred uneasily and sat up. For a moment he looked about in a dazed fashion, then, as his glance fell on his motionless guard and comprehension flashed over him, he began to swear steadily and fluently. He was pausing to catch his breath, when Morgan, still calm and impassive, straightened up.

"Come on, Dutch," he ordered, hoisting the fallen outlaw to his feet with a jerk. "You ain't hurt much. That headache will pass off in time—mine did. Let's go round up those cayuses and hit the back trail."

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GENTLE JABS

Many a good cigar has met its match.

Poverty makes it easy to lead the simple life.

One way to keep out of debt is to have no credit.

Too often the hero worshiper is his own hero.

How the rest of us like to find fault with the rich.

Man likes to climb to the top by way of the elevator.

Keep one eye on your enemies and two on your friends.

A man with nothing to lose can afford to take chances.

Some men mistake a decanter for the fountain of youth.

Few men are able to appreciate a good joke—on themselves.

A cynic is a man who has tried to make good and failed.

A female lawyer doesn't mind being the woman in the case.

Select a person with a hot temper if you want a warm friend.

Folks who are always looking for the worst of it usually find it.

It's so much easier to be entertained than it is to be entertaining.

Did you ever meet a self-made man who was ashamed of his job?

Sometimes single blessedness is a greater failure than marriage.

The man who believes in luck is very likely to develop into a loafer.

Even in the good old summer time one encounters a lot of cheap skates.

Some girls are shy about marrying men who are shy of ready money.

The older a man grows the less wisdom he discovers in himself and others.

People suffering from the hives should speak honeyed words—but they don't.

It is human nature to want the biggest half—just as if there was such a thing.

You will find many of Heaven's suburbs on earth if you care to look for them.

Many a man has real money in his pocket because he doesn't own an automobile.

Nothing ever pleases his neighbors more than to see a man get what he deserves.

Every time a spinster looks at a man who has just been led to the altar by a widow she says to herself: "How easily you poor men are fooled!"

PEPPERS

One on Him.

On one occasion in his career Nat Goodwin was humping over the gasoline circuit as the star in a play which was so bad that the only good thing in it was the last curtain. Naturally, the public evidenced no desire to patronize it. Finally, however, the brave actors and actresses played in a town which, for some mysterious reason, turned out a good crowd to see the dismal performance.

It was too good to be true. After the first act Goodwin sought out the stage manager and said:

"On the level, are those real people out there?"

"Certainly, a whole lot of them," replied the manager.

"Well, that's one on me," replied Goodwin. "I thought that crowd was a painted drop curtain."

A Close Buyer.

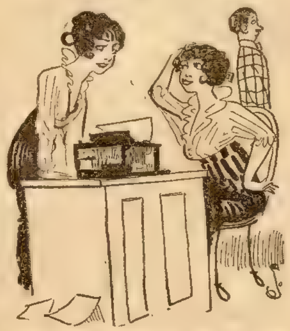
A New York theatrical man was appointed receiver for a small opera house in an upstate town in New York. He was anxious to sell it and so was willing to take the first offer made.

He advertised the place, and after waiting a week he was delighted when an inquirer came in.

"Say, mister," the prospect asked, "how much do you want for the theater?"

"My friend," the receiver replied, "I am extremely anxious to make a sale, and I'll let you have it for your own price."

"Please, mister," said the inquirer, "can't you do a little better than that?"



First Stenog—"How do you like your new boss?"

Second Stenog—"Great! He don't know no more about grammar, spellin', an' punctuation than I do; he's jest out 'er college!"

A Wise Child.

A certain little girl in East Cleveland has been ill for some time. Not so terribly ill, but enough so that she couldn't go to school and had to stay in bed, and got a great deal of petting and indulgence.

The other day she said to her mother: "Mamma, I want papa to buy me a dog. Not a little dog, but a great big bulldog."

"Well, dearie," smiled the mother, "we'll have to see about that after a while."

"No, I want it right now."

"Don't you think you'd better wait till you're well?"

"No, mamma, I don't. The sicker I am the more likely papa will be to buy it for me."

Not the Only One.

The mother of a pupil in one of the Philadelphia schools had been helping her small daughter with the arithmetic lesson for the next day, and after struggling through the problems secured what appeared to be satisfactory results. Next day, when the little girl returned from school, the mother asked with some curiosity:

"Were your problems all correct, dear?"

"No, mamma, they were every one wrong," replied the child.

"All wrong?" repeated the amazed mother. "Oh, I'm so sorry."

"Well, mamma," said the little one, consolingly, "you needn't worry. All the other little girls' mammas had them wrong, too."

Unnecessary Noise.

The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening call. He was leaning against the doorpost, talking in low tones. Presently the young lady looked round, to discover her father in the doorway, clad in a dressing gown.

"Why, father, what in the world is the matter?" she inquired.

"John," said the father, addressing himself to the young man, "you know I have never complained about your staying late, and I am not going to complain of that now; but for goodness sake stop leaning against the bellpush and let the rest of the family get some sleep."

Spoiled the Show.

There is a good story of an actor who was depicting on the board a powerful, pathetic part.

He was made up marvelously to look starved to skin and bone, tottering on the verge of death from starvation, gasping for breath and weak from emaciation.

Still, he had on his fingers a flashing diamond ring, and the sarcastic gallery reproved him for it one night.

At the critical moment the hero faltered out in agony to the gallery, "Good heavens! If this fails, what shall I do?"

The answer floated unexpectedly from the top seats.

"Pawn yer ring!"

The act was spoiled.

Predicament of a Suffragist.

A well-known university professor who has taken much interest in the woman's suffrage movement was persuaded to carry a banner in a parade that was held in New York some months ago.

His wife observed him marching with a dejected air and carrying his banner so that it hung limply on its standard, and later she reproved him for not making a better appearance.

"Why didn't you march like somebody and let people see your banner?" she said.

"My dear," meekly replied the professor, "did you see what was on the banner? It read, 'Any man can vote. Why can't I?'"

One or the Other.

One kid story leads on to another. A Cleveland school-teacher tells an account of a quiz conducted in her geography class.

"In what zone do we live?" asked this teacher.

"The temp'rut zone!" chanted the well-drilled class.

"Right. And what do we mean by 'temperate'? Willie, you may answer."

"Temp'rut is where it's freezin' cold half the time an' roastin' hot the other half the time."

If Willie wasn't sent to the head for that, it wasn't because he didn't deserve the honor.

Stopped Eating.

De Wolf Hopper, the actor, had a slight cold one night, and in a curtain speech he referred to it in this fashion:

"I went to my doctor," he said, "and the doctor said I had been eating too much nitrogenous food, and must stop and eat farinaceous food. Since then I haven't been eating at all, for I don't know what either word means."

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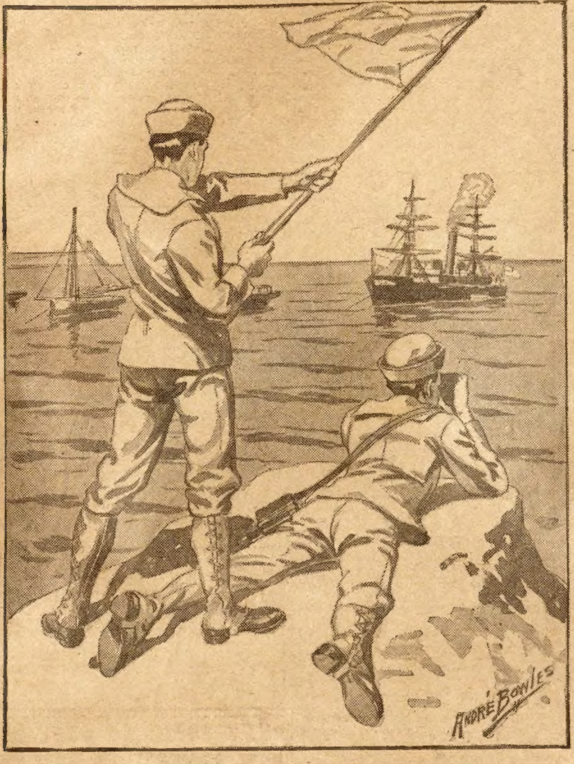
Warship Adventures

Or, FRANK ALLEN AT SEA

By Julian Fabre



"We learn to signal."

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CHAPTER I.

JAMES ALLEN looked up angrily as his son Frank came through the gate. He had been hoeing all the morning, and was now cultivating the strip of ground which he set aside for his prized dahlias. His back ached, and the sight of the young fellow striding jauntily up to the farmhouse irritated him.

"Well, how about the electric works?" he demanded, straightening his lame back with an effort.

"Why, I was just going there, father," answered his son.

"The sun says it's nearly noon," answered his father, caustically. "My watch says half-past eleven. Do you think noon is the best time to look for a job?"

"I had an engagement with Nancy," muttered the boy.

His father placed one hand on either shoulder, swung him round, and looked into his face.

"Frank, you are now eighteen years old," he said quietly. "You've been out of school three years. During that time you've put in about quarter as much work on the farm as your brother George has done in the last six months. You've spent your time hunting jobs, mostly. You don't like farm work and you don't know what you do like. You're not turning out to be a man, my boy. You don't look healthy, you're flabby and out of sorts, and you go to bed about the time I'm thinking of waking up. Now, boy, it's come to this: if Mr. Benson doesn't take you on at the electric works I'm going to wash my hands of you. I won't have you idling at home and spoiling your brother George. You walk straight up that hill and see Mr. Benson, and if he won't give you that bookkeeper's place, take anything he will give you. That's my last word with you."

"If Mr. Benson won't give me a job I'll go to sea!" cried Frank, clenching his fists angrily. "I've stood for about enough in this town. Nobody believes in me, nobody cares what happens to me. I've done my level best, and——"

His father burst into a roar of laughter. If the son had been wiser and older he might have understood the disappointment and despair that lay beneath the mocking mirth. But Frank perceived only hardness and sarcasm in his father's tones.

"Go to sea!" he jeered. "The best thing that could happen to you, my lad. Get a job on a tramp steamship. No, don't do that. Go into Uncle Sam's navy. They'll make a man of you there! They'll feed you on hard-tack and salt horse that's been in pickle since Noah's days, and they'll show you the business end of a knotted rope, like they did to my Uncle Jed. They broke him up, all right. Go into the navy lad, like they say Tom Nichols did after nearly killing old Simpson, five years ago. That's where all the bad characters go! It'll teach you a lesson, lad, and, best of all"—he thrust his face savagely within two inches of his son's—"they won't let you leave until your time is up. Now, boy," his voice became monotonous and even again, "you go straight up to Mr. Benson, and if he won't take you on, you needn't show your face here again. Understand me? I don't want to see you loafing round here again, ever."

He watched his son stride angrily out of the garden, but when the boy had started up the hill, he shook his head mournfully and remained deep in thought for a long time. Then, with another shake of his head, he resumed the cultivation of his dahlias.

A couple of minutes later a bright-eyed boy of fifteen came up from the barn. At the sight of him the old man's face beamed with pleasure.

"Can I help you, father?" asked the boy.

"Why, I don't know as you can, George," his father answered. "Done your chores?"

"Every whit of 'em, Dad," answered the other. "Say, Dad, how about Frank?"

"You needn't mention his name to me again," his father burst out angrily. "I've washed my hands of him, unless he gets a job with Mr. Benson. George, I'm proud of you; you've been a good boy and stayed on the farm, and you won't regret it. But don't mention your brother's name to me again."

At noon precisely Frank Allen entered Mr. Benson's office in the electric works on the hill, situated beside an artificial waterfall. The works were famous throughout the country, and as the whistle blew, scores of contented-looking workmen came streaming out to eat their lunch in the fresh air. Mr. Benson looked up from his desk as Frank entered.

"Well?" he demanded bluntly.

"I've come to get that job," said Frank, swallowing painfully.

Mr. Benson swung round on his swivel chair and looked hard at the young fellow.

"What I told you," he said, "was that if you came here at half-past eight, I might be able to start you in the bookkeeping department. Not that I believed you would show up. It's like you, Frank Allen, to come to work when everybody else is knocking off. I don't think you'll suit me, my boy."

"I had an engagement," cried Frank. "I couldn't break it."

"Then," answered Mr. Benson, suavely, "you are singularly unfortunate in your method of making engagements."

He swung back so decisively that the boy, after glaring at him for a moment, thrust on his hat and stamped savagely out of the office and down the hill.

He did not go home. He did not know what to do. One thing was clear; he was not wanted anywhere in the town. A long hoped for position with the local banker had come to nothing because Mr. Crewe did not like the young fellow's rather dissipated appearance, due to late hours and irregular habits. Frank was not bad, but he was in danger of developing into a corner loafer, a patronizer of questionable shows; and he smoked too much and drank occasionally. Frank did not understand why everybody seemed to be against him. There was nobody who cared for him except his mother and—and Nancy!

Nancy Lawson was the only daughter of the local carrier, and the belle of Milbury. She had admired Frank's carefree ways, and they had walked out together frequently on Sundays. Perhaps in course of time they might have considered themselves engaged; but Nancy's mother had been busy instilling a sensible view of the future into Nancy's pretty, foolish head, and, although Frank did not suspect it, the story of his rejection by Mr. Benson had already gone through the town, with various embellishments.

Frank spent the afternoon lying beside the river. He had often fished there, he liked to hear it murmuring beside him. It made him think of the sea and the ships that traversed it. To get away from everything! To be where there was no one to scoff at him or tell him of his failings! The picture grew in his imagination. He would enlist in the navy, despite his great-uncle's stories. Perhaps things were better now than they had been in his great-uncle Jed's time; and anyway, he did not care. He would leave the town and never return. But first he must see Nancy.

Evening was falling when he knocked at the door of the little frame house. Mrs. Lawson opened to Frank's knock,

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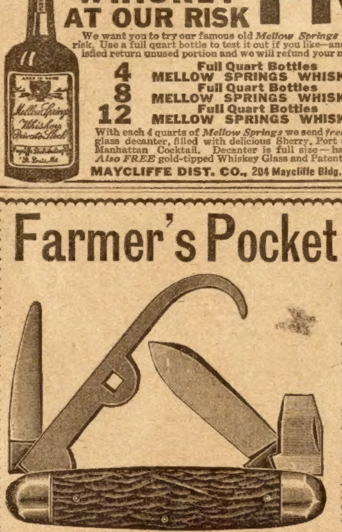

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and her hard features displayed evident resentment.

"I don't know as Nancy will want to see you, but I'll ask her," she said ungraciously. "You can wait in the parlor."

A minute later Frank heard whisperings outside, and then Nancy came in. She was a pretty, fair-haired girl of Frank's own age, a trifle empty-headed, to tell the truth, and easily influenced. The tide of her favor, which had set so strongly in Frank's direction in the past, had been ebbing for some period, although Frank had barely suspected it.

"Well?" she asked, standing in front of the door. Her eyes were red; she had had a trying scene with her mother that afternoon, and it had not improved her temper.

"'Well?'" That was exactly what Mr. Benson had said. That was how everybody addressed him.

"I'm going away from here," Frank burst out. "I'm going to enlist in the navy. I don't care what happens to me there. I don't care what anybody thinks about me, except you and mother. I came to say good-by."

"Good-by," answered Nancy resentfully.

She stood looking at him angrily, her hands behind her back.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" cried Frank, almost stunned by her behavior.

"I guess so," answered Nancy. "Mother says you're no good and I'm wasting my time with you, and father says you'll never amount to anything. And—and"—— here she began to cry—"all the girls are laughing at me because you can't get a position, and I—I can't bear it."

Frank's anger changed to dismay. Why, he had always imagined himself to be a fine young fellow! He had never lacked friends. But now, dimly, he began to see himself in a different light, the butt and byword of the town. Suddenly he crammed on his hat and hurried out of the house. As he passed down the little garden he heard the door slam behind him.

Well, that ended everything. Nobody had any use for him. His father's anger, his brother's good-natured contempt, the general opinion of the town stung the young fellow, but Nancy's scorn of him lashed him like a whip. That was his last tie with Milbury.

No, there was his mother! His mother's love had never failed. She had always encouraged him and shielded him from his father's anger. He must say good-by to her.

He saw her by the kitchen window, ironing. She was alone. The lamplight, which fell on her face, showed that she was weary and sick, and Frank realized with a pang that it was his clothes she was working on. He tapped and she unlatched the door.

"Frank!" she exclaimed. "Where have you been all day? Don't you want your supper?"

"I guess it will be my last supper here," he answered, moodily, as he took his seat at the kitchen table.

"Your last?" cried his mother, in terror. "You're not going away? Father didn't mean all that he said to you this morning. If only you can get something to do——"

"I'm going to do something now," answered the boy. "I'm going to enlist. I guess it will be the navy instead of the army, because that will take me farther away. Father says all the bad characters go into the navy, anyway, so that must be the place for me," he concluded bitterly.

His mother did not answer, but set down the dishes and watched him as he ate ravenously. He had had no food since morning.

"Frank," she said, when he had finished, "I'm not going to try to turn you if you have made up your mind. And I'm not so sure that the navy isn't a good deal better than it was in your Uncle Jed's day. I think he made up a good many of those stories of his. You know, I was in Mills Falls last month when that navy recruiting party passed through, and if all the young men are like them it can't be so bad. A fine-looking, clean, well-set up body of young fellows they were, and everybody was talking about them and saying how respectful they were, and not one of them was heard to swear or use bad language while they were in town. But, Frank, I wish you could stay home."

She wiped her eyes with her apron and tried to smile, but it was a sad pretense. Frank pushed back his plate.

"Mother," he said, putting his arm around her, "I've been a good deal of a fool. But I'm going to do something for myself now, and I guess it can't be so bad working for Uncle Sam. This is America, where a man stands on his worth, and I don't believe the Government treats him like a dog just because he puts on his country's uniform. Mother," he added, "can you put a few clothes together for me? I want to start tonight."

"Tonight, Frank? Not without saying good-by to your father and George?"

"I guess it's best," he answered. "I know father didn't mean all that he said this morning, but it wouldn't do any good to say good-by, and I want to make something of myself before I see him again. I'm going to take the night train to New York and sign on at the Navy Yard."

His mother tried to dissuade him. Could he not enlist at Mills Falls, she asked. But she soon realized how anxious he was to leave Milbury, and at length she left him and went upstairs, presently returning with a neat bundle of clothes and linen. She placed a bag of cookies on top and knotted it all together. Then, after kissing her, Frank turned away and started up the road. He looked back when he had reached the shadow of the trees. He could see her plainly through the window, sitting motionless beside the table, her head on her arms. For the first time he fully realized the depth of her love for him, and when he set off again there was a new resolution in his heart that he had never felt before.

CHAPTER II.

"HEY, Frank! Shore liberty!" sang out Walt Marsden.

Dressed in their white uniforms, the two friends started for the streets of old Newport. Marsden was Frank's "buddy," as the apprentice-seaman calls his boon companion, and since shore leave extended from one o'clock until eleven in the evening on each alternate day, the two young men found plenty of time for amusement. In fact, only one thing proved irksome. There was a shortage of cash, for Uncle Sam requires that every apprentice-seaman accumulate two months' pay to his credit as soon as possible. Nevertheless, what with sightseeing, the chaplain's entertainment on Saturday nights, the Monday evening concert and moving pictures at the station, and every form of athletic diversion, this temporary lack of spending money was not severely felt.

And there was something inspiring in the thought that one's earnings were come by without the humiliations incidental to civil life. There was no going, cap in hand, to petition for a "job." Frank owed no man gratitude for his pleasures or for his living, either. Upon the farm he had felt that every mouthful of food he ate was paid for by his father.

Never had Frank Allen dreamed of the new life that was to unfold for him as soon as he entered the gates of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Events had so crowded one upon another that the whole thing seemed like a dream—but a very happy one. And so far he had not experienced anything in the remotest degree resembling Uncle Jed's stories.

Frank tried to recall the separate events that had occurred since his enlistment. First, and foremost, there was the astonishing difficulty about enlisting. The people at the recruiting office were extremely inquisitive, and at times disconcerting, before they agreed to let him sign a four years' contract with Uncle Sam. They wanted to know if he had his parents' permission, or if he were eighteen, and then, after all, he had to give a reference in his native town, showing that he was of good character. He had given the name of the clergyman, and the clergyman had written at once and warmly commended him. Frank had awaited the letter with little hope, and he was amazed at its cordiality, for he did not know what the pastor realized, that he was a really a very good sort of average boy, merely spoiling for want of congenial occupation, and by no means the particular black sheep that he imagined himself to be.

Then the doctors had thumped and pummeled him, and listened to his lungs and heart, and looked at his feet, and investigated his teeth, as though he were a horse. They inspected his arms and legs, to see that each pair matched, and they showed him skeins of colored wool—"confusion colors," he heard the doctors call them—and seemed in a conspiracy to compel him to admit that green was brown. Finally they made him take the oath of allegiance and also swear that he had never suffered from fits. After this they shipped him off to the Training Station at Newport, and there the whole process was gone through again. They gave him sixty dollars' worth of clothing, for which he would have had to pay twice tnat sum in civil life, complete from uniforms of blue and white to hammock, mattress, underclothes, socks, shoes, and blacking brushes. They made him bathe and cut his hair—and after all this they sent him to prison for three weeks!

But there was no ignominy attached to this sentence, which all must serve who enter the Training School. Uncle Sam is solicitous for the health of every nephew of his, and the period in the Detention Barracks was merely a quarantine against the possibility of any infectious disease developing. There were four flats in the Detention Barracks, each with a living and sleeping room, a galley, and a separate entrance and in each flat twenty-eight young men cast longing eyes toward the recruits exercising in the grounds, or racing in cutters and dinghies on the water, and awaited the period of their emancipation. And it was there that Frank Allen and Walt Marsden, two homesick, dispirited, and disconsolate young men, met and liked each other and formed the friendship which lasted throughout their whole period of service.

Yet even in the Detention Barracks there was numerous things to be learned and done. The first thing that Frank was taught was to lash his hammock and make his quarters shipshape. He discovered that a hammock with a hair mattress inside is better than the best bed made, and afterward he found that, swinging always to the perpendicular, it gives sleep in a gale which would send the occupants of berths and beds rolling from side to side. The second thing he learned was to fold his clothes neatly. He found that, when properly folded and tightly rolled and stowed away, a uniform comes out of its bag as neatly pressed as though it had been to the tailor's. And he discovered also, since there is only one way of doing a thing right, that he had to fold his clothes almost exactly as his mother had folded them. This insignificant fact opened his eyes to much that he had not before understood.

The three weeks soon sped by, and then Frank was one of two thousand young men, all busy learning the rudiments of seamanship or a trade. Not more than half of Uncle Sam's enlisted men are sailors—or soldiers either, for the matter of that. You can join the navy in an amazingly different number of ways. As a matter of fact, Frank's choice was limited to that of apprentice-seaman, which was what he wanted to be, unless he had chosen to be a hospital apprentice, mess attendant, or ship's cook, because the other ratings require a minimum age, on enlistment, of 21.

"Take it from me, there's no job like a ship's cook," said Smiles, a second-class cook aboard the Contsellation, an old fellow whose memory went back to that archaic period known as the seventies. "It's all very well to fight the ship, bud, but cooks get the pickin's, and there ain't nobody can stop them. But it ain't what it used to be," he continued, shaking his head sorrowfully. "In the old days they gave you clean water from water-kegs, and when you'd skimmed off the scum, it had a taste to it. But since those new-fangled notions of distilled water have come into fashion everything's going to the dogs. They boil your insides with hot coffee and then they freeze 'em with ice cream, and a cook's got to know how to make victuals that no sailorman ever heard of in my days.

"You enlist as a landsman, bud, and they'll send you to the commissary school. You'll be a third-class cook in no time, and by and by you'll be a second-class cook, drawing your $44 regular

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and easy. If I had your education, I'd have been a first-class cook years ago. But all food's plain grub to me. I can cook it, but I can't play with it and call it names and tell the examining board why roast beef has gravy instead of apple sauce."

Frank listened attentively, but he came to the conclusion that he was not out for a cook's job.

Good food and a modicum of hard work soon make the recruit's body firm and his skin clear. If Frank Allen could have met himself as he was when he appeared, a month or so before, at the gates of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, he would hardly have known himself. His eye was bright, his slouch was gone, and in place of the cheap, country-made suit, he wore a neat uniform. And shade of Uncle Jed, with his hard-tack and pickled horse! What would that venerable ghost have said if it could have seen the meat pies, omelettes, stewed tomatoes, roast veal and gravy, and ice cream that disappeared down two thousand hungry throats at meal times!

Walt Marsden, Frank's "buddy," was from Maryland. Unlike Frank, he had chosen a naval career with the full approbation of his parents. His father had served a gun under Farragut, and had witnessed the transformation from sails to steam. He knew of the change which had been made in the discipline and personnel of the navy since the times when a gun crew put up the placard "English spoken here," in ridicule to the preponderating foreign element in the personnel. Today ninety-six per cent are American citizens, and soon a hundred per cent will be. Walt Marsden's father was as wise in his selection of a career for his son as thousands of other parents will soon become, and Walt meant to make the navy his profession.

CHAPTER III.

FRANK'S mother had received frequent letters from him during his absence, sufficient to reassure her that he had not fallen into bad company, but he had never told her much about the new life on which he had entered. In fact, he had not yet managed to collect his impressions, so varied and unexpected were the different events that daily occurred. Every week he received a letter from her. She was delighted to know that the navy was not the terrible place which Uncle Jed had pictured, but her letters showed an undercurrent of anxiety which Frank had not managed to dispel.

Four months after her son's departure, however, she received a communication which delighted her. James Allen had brought the letter from the postoffice, and, recognizing the handwriting, handed it to his wife without a word and walked away. His wife took it to the seclusion of her room and opened it. A twenty-dollar bill fell out upon the bed. She looked at it in wonder, and then read:

"Dear Mother:

"I have so much news for you that I don't know where to begin, so I will start with the money. You know I began as an apprentice-seaman at $17.60. Well, Uncle Sam has given me my first raise! Walt and I have passed our examinations in seamanship, and we are now rated as ordinary seaman at $20.90. That's quicker than I would have got a raise from old Benson, isn't it?

"When we started in, Uncle held up two months' pay, but now he wants only one month's pay to be to our credit on the books, so I am sending you this twenty-dollar bill, which I want you to keep to prove that I am really doing well and making something of myself.

"And now for news. Walt Marsden and I and about two hundred other 'rookies' have been transferred to the training-ship Houston, and we are going for a cruise to England. What do you think of that, mother? A foreign trip, free and gratis, a gift from Uncle Sam to his nephews! We're going to Southampton, and we'll get liberty leave and run up to London and see the Tower and Buckingham Palace and the British Museum and King George and the Suffragettes and everything else that we have ever read about. At present we are anchored off Newport, and they are trying to polish off our seamanship. And it isn't so easy to learn the sailor's trade as you might suppose.

"You know father always had it in his head that I needed discipline. Well, I've got it now all right. Everything here goes by clockwork. The other day I was hauled before the mast for using a stiff broom on a wet deck instead of a squilgee. I got off with a tongue-lashing, but I tell you, mother, one has to do things just in the right way, and the odd part about it is I'm getting to like it. There is a sort of pride in knowing one's job, and doing it the proper way, whether it's heaving the lead or washing dishes.

"Now, you'll want to know how we spend the day. Well, the first thing is reveille, at five o'clock. We tumble out of our hammocks, and, after a cup of coffee, each man takes the station assigned to him on his billet, either for scrubbing down the decks or carrying water, sweeping skylights, paint-work, brass-work, boat-gear, etc. Then we scrub ourselves and our clothes. At half-past seven comes a hot breakfast, and pretty good, too, although some of the men grumble. But I've begun to notice tnat the grumblers are the kind of men who look as if they didn't know what breakfast meant before they joined the navy. Then the messmen sling the tables and put away the benches and wash the dishes. Then 'colors' is sounded, and we stand at attention while the ensign is hoisted and the band plays the National Anthem. After that comes inspection, and if any man is persistently slack about keeping clean, he's apt to get a scouring with brick-dust and sandpaper, or a piece of old canvas. Then we have all sorts of drills. We climb the rigging and stand on the yard foot ropes, make and furl sail, hoist the boats, practice reading the flags and semaphores and the Ardois night signals. At sunset comes 'evening colors,' and after supper, at 5:30, our time is our own till 'taps' at nine, except for a few minutes when we receive our hammocks and sling them. We generally get a half-holiday on Wednesdays and Saturdays, with shore leave for the port or starboard watch, and we are free also on Sundays, after muster and divine service, which is prescribed by law. But we don't have to leave the ship to get amusement. We have boxing and fencing-matches, and there is a library aboard crammed with books of all sorts, and we've got three pianos.

"Captain Ellsworth is the chief officer, but most of the orders come through the chief luff, or executive officer, Lieutenant-Commander Merritt. Then there are the division officers, each of whom takes charge in turn as officer of the deck. The chief boatswain and his assistants have a lot to do with handling the ship, and there is a ship's police, called master-at-arms, who keep order among us."

Mrs. Allen did not obtain a very clear impression from this letter, but she realized that her son was in good hands, and her mind felt freer than it had been in weeks. At first she thought of returning Frank the money, but afterward decided instead to keep it for him when he returned. She did not show the letter to her husband, but told him something of its contents, and she was pleased to see that he shared her happiness, although he said very little.

By the end of two weeks the new recruits had been knocked into shape, and the Houston, after putting in at Hampton Roads, started on her voyage to England. Frank and Walt were both on the starboard watch. Frank had rather dreaded the prospect of night watches, for he was one of those who have the faculty of falling asleep at a moment's notice, and often without it. He found, however, to his delight, that the watch were at liberty to lie down on deck, with the exception of the man detailed to act as messenger for the deck officer.

The new life was a wonderful training in discipline and self-control. Most strange to Frank, with his memories of Uncle Jed's nautical remarks, so far were his shipmates from being the tough characters that sailors were supposed to be, that all seemed bent upon preserving decency in demeanor and conversation, and an oath was a punishable offense.

Frank's alacrity and ability had won him the friendship of one of the assistant masters-at-arms, a third-class petty officer named Thompson, and he was speaking to him one evening on this subject.

"I was told that all the tough characters go into the navy," he said, "but I haven't found any of them yet."

Thompson looked at Frank rather strangely.

"We do get bad men," he said, but they don't last. It takes a mighty bad man to keep the pace when the general sentiment is against him."

"Do they get discharged?" asked Frank.

"Well," answered Thompson, "if a man's really bad, and the rubbing up against his shipmates doesn't work a change in him, he'll manage to get out of the service. But he's likely to put in a year at Port Royal first, and maybe, before he's ready for his discharge, he'll find he isn't such a bad man as he thought he was."

With these words he walked away. Frank wondered at them, and wanted to know what Port Royal was. However, he had learned that asking questions of one's superiors is not always a wise thing to do, and he controlled his curiosity.

On the third day of the voyage the Houston ran into the fog belt off the Grand Banks, and the engines were slowed down to half-speed. The siren hooted continuously, and occasionally other sirens were heard in the distance, but it was impossible to see the length of the vessel. The thermometer had fallen rapidly.

"There's icebergs near," said Petty Officer Thompson to Frank, as the latter was finishing his bright-work. "There's a big berg to starboard. Those rookies in the lookout will let this ship run into her unless one of 'em's got sea sense."

"How do you know?" asked Frank.

"I smell it," replied Thompson, briefly, and almost simultaneously an enormous mountain of ice loomed up to starboard. It seemed impossible that the Houston could avoid running into it.

"Hard-a-port!" shouted Captain Ellsworth on the bridge, and as the quartermaster threw the wheel over, he threw the engine levers to "full speed ahead." The Houston seemed to clear herself by a miracle. In fact, she had escaped by one, that is to say, the dispersal of the fog, which had revealed the iceberg, and now uncovered a field of floes, with which icebergs of every shape and size were intermingled. This field extended as far as could be seen.

The Houston picked her way along the channel, and open water had already been sighted to the eastward when there came a scraping sound that seemed to jar the entire vessel. Frank was thrown off his feet; as he picked himself up gongs clanged for collision drill all over the ship.

(Continued next week.)

* * *

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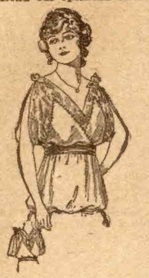

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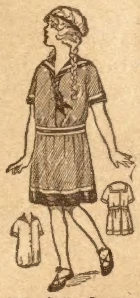

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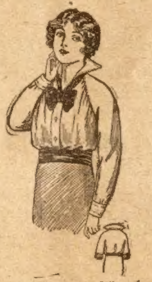

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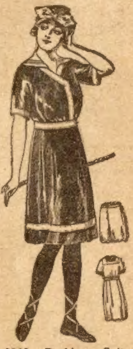

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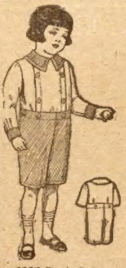

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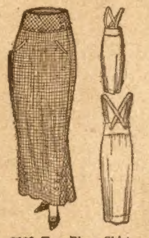

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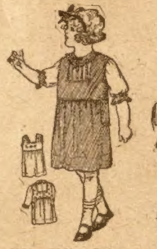

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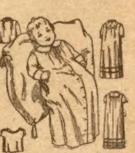

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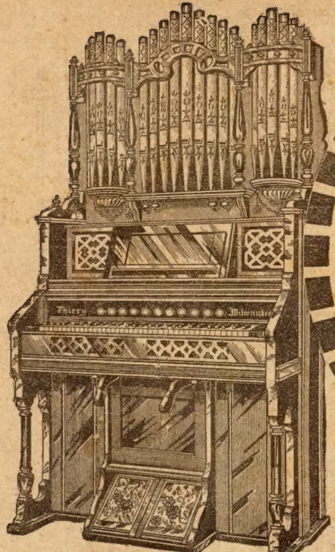

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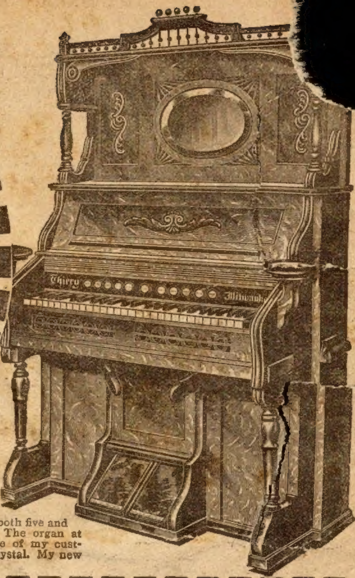

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Thiery Organs are so *real good* that I ship them on 30 days trial anywhere! But you just get one on trial and you'll decide to keep it *before you've had it ten days.* And you can pay for it in *little by little payments* that are really so little that you'll hardly notice them! Don't have to pay cash if you don't want to. Just send for my new Organ Book and prices—choose the organ you want—mail the trial order blank—and I'll do the rest!

You can't get good music out of a poor organ. It is a waste of time trying to do so—*and a waste of money besides.* Thiery Organs are the real "Music-Makers" of all Organs. They have more music in them—they have more quality through and through—they're prettier and nicer in design—and they *don't even cost as much as common organs.* 40000 homes sent direct to me for Thiery Organs in the past six years. Often I receive *more than one hundred trial orders for Thiery Organs in a single day* to go to all parts of the United States. More Thiery Organs are being sold direct to homes right now than any other organ of any other make, because they are just as advertised—the real "Music Makers" of all Organs.

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New Letters from Old Customers. Read Them!

Waynesville, No. Carolina, March 20th, 1914. J. B. Thiery, Milwaukee, Wis., Dear Sir:—The organ that I ordered and received from you seven years ago, is the finest in our country, giving perfect satisfaction all the time. I am glad I got one of your organs, because the tone is so perfect and sweet. Although I bought it seven years ago, I thought I would write and tell you how I like it now. Yours very truly, J. W. BURRESS.

Parkton, Maryland, March 14, 1914. J. B. Thiery, Dear Sir:—Please send me a pedal strap for my organ. I bought the organ from you over seven years ago and this is the first repairs it has required. It is a fine instrument, as good as the day you shipped it to me, and it has had hard usage. Thanking you, I remain, yours, Mrs. CLARA MILLER.

Dallas, Georgia, Jan. 23, 1914. Mr. J. B. Thiery, Dear Sir:—Please send me a piano book, as I have a friend who has seen my organ and wants to know your piano prices and terms. I have played on lots of $75.00 and $100.00 organs, but none of them sound as strong or are as clear in tone as this organ that I got from you several years ago. Yours, I. B. BULLOCK, R. 1, Box 2B.

Ft. Kent, Maine, Jan. 30, 1914. J. B. Thiery, Dear Sir:—I have had the organ which I bought from you for over nine months. It is perfect and all you claim for it and more. I think it is the sweetest toned organ I ever heard. Compared with the other organs around here, it is superior in every respect. You are at liberty to use this testimonial any time you want to. Yours, MRS. ANNA RAYMOND.

George W. Wright, Justice of the Peace at Peakland, Missouri, purchased a Thiery organ in 1910 and he writes:—The Thiery organ is better than we expected. We of course, were looking to get a good organ when we bought from you, but the organ you sent us, is as fine in tone and better in workmanship than other organs around here costing $85.00 to $125.00.

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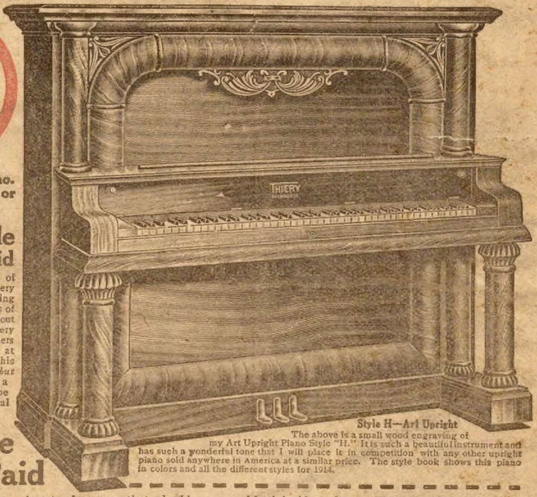

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Thiery pianos are so good that they are guaranteed against any defect in material or workmanship as long as you keep them. *No piano at any price has a stronger guarantee.* Thiery pianos are made in genuine Mahogany, genuine Walnut and the finest English Oak. They are double veneered both inside and out. They have Empire Grand tops. They have brass pedals and trimmings throughout. They have finest quality genuine ivory keys. They have overstrung strings in the bass and three strings to each note in the treble. They have full plates of the best plate metal and bronze and sounding-boards of the finest mountain grown spruce.

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